THE

CHRISTIAN HARP

AND

SABBATH SCHOOL SONGSTER.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

The Social Religious Circle, Revivals,

AND THE

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Address all orders to either of the following—
RUEBUSH & KIEFFER, Singer's Glen, Rockingham Co., Va.
REV. J. W. HOWE, " " " "

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PREFACE.

The publishers of this little work would say to their brethren of the various denominations, and friends in general, that their sole object in framing the "Christian Harp and Sabbath School Songster," was the purpose of supplying a want—long felt by themselves and many others—of such a work.

When they first spoke of arranging and publishing a book of this kind, all who heard of it seemed much delighted, and many encouraged them to prosecute the work at once, declaring their hearty patronage.

They have, therefore, selected such melodies, and collected such ballads from far and near, as were thought best adapted to social worship—revivals, and Sabbath Schools, and tending to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion.

The large sale and increasing demand for this little work, have induced the publishers to issue an Eighth Edition. No changes have been made in this from the former edition, and it is now offered to the public in a permanent form.

The Publishers.

INTRODUCTION.

Music is composed of tones produced by the human voice or musical instruments. These tones have three essential properties, namely:

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER,

Pitch regards a tone as *high* or *low*; length, as *long* or *short*; and power, as *loud* or *soft*.

At the foundation of high and low tones lies a series of eight notes called

THE DIATONIC SCALE.

To the first tone of the scale we apply the syllable Do, to the second Re, &c., as above.

Music is written upon a character called the STAFF. The staff is composed of five lines and four spaces. The notes are written on the lines and in the spaces. Each line and each space thus represents a degree of sound. When more than nine degrees of sound are wanted, the spaces below and above are used; and if still more degrees of sound are wanted, short lines are added below and above on which the notes are placed.

There are two staffs in use. These staffs are distinguished by characters called Clefs—the F Clef and the G Clef. The lines and spaces represent different tones. These tones are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet. When the F clef is placed on the staff, the first line is called G, the first space A, &c., as in the following example; but when the G clef is placed on the staff, the first line represents E, the first space F, &c.

THE STAFF WITH CLEFS, LETTERS, AND NOTES.

To represent the length of tones, characters are used called notes. These notes are of various lengths, as follows:

Whole note. Half. Quarter. Eighth. Sixteenth.

One whole note is equal in time to two half notes,

or four quarters, or eight eighths, or sixteent sixteenths: and the same relative length must be allowed to each note. Thus if we sing the whole note in four seconds of time, the half-note must be sung in two seconds, the quarter-note in one second, the eighth-note in a half a second, and the sixteenth note in a quarter of a second. But if in any piece of music the whole note is sung in three seconds, the half note must be sung in a second and a half, &c.

The notes of a piece of music are divided into equal measures—each measure containing the same value of notes. For this purpose bars are used. There are three bars in common use, viz: the single bar, the broad bar, and the double bar.

The single bar divides the staff into equal time-measures; the broad bar marks the end of a line of poetry; and the double bar shows where a strain ends that is to be repeated, and is also used at the beginning of a chorus.

EXAMPLE,

Notes are subject to some modifications by the use of additional characters. A dot or point (.) placed after a note adds one-half to its length; thus, the pointed whole note is equal to three half notes; the pointed half-note to three quarters, &c. When the figure 3 is placed over a group of three notes, such three notes are to be performed in the time of two notes of equal value without the figure 3. When a pause 𝄐 is placed over a note it adds about one-third to its original length.

When four dots or points are placed across the staff the strain following is to be repeated.

When the initials D. C. are placed over the staff they indicate a repetition of the first strain again, and closing with that.

There are three kinds of TIME in music, namely, Common Time, Triple Time, and Compound Time. There are three varieties of Common Time; two of Triple, and two of Compound. The first measure of Common time is marked with the fraction 2-2, and contains two half-notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The second measure is marked with the fraction 4-4, and contains four quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests. The third measure is marked with the fraction 2-4, and contains two quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests.

The first measure of Triple time is marked with the fraction 3-2, and contains three half-notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure is marked with the fraction 4-4, and contains three quarter-notes, or their equal in other notes or rests.

The first measure of Compound time is marked with the fraction 6-4, and contains six quarter notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests; and the second measure with the fraction 6-8, and contains six eighth-notes in a measure, or their equal in other notes or rests.

THE

CHRISTIAN HARP

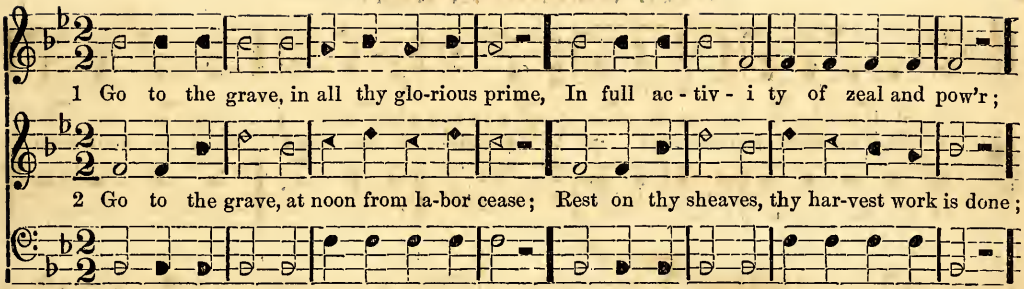
AND

Sabbath School Songster.

TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

HAPPY DAY.

1 O happy day that fixed my choice, On thee, my Savior and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, happy day! When Jesus
D. C. Happy day, &c.
2 O happy bond that seals my vows, To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, happy day! When Jesus
D. C. Happy day, &c.
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess his voice divine.
FINE.
D C
washed my sins a - way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing eve-ry day;
D C
washed my sins a - way; He taught me how to watch and pray, and live re-joic - ing eve-ry day;
D C


1 Go to the grave, in all thy glo-rious prime, In full ac - tiv - i ty of zeal and pow'r;
2 Go to the grave, at noon from la-bor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy har-vest work is done;
3 Go to the grave, for there the Sa-vior lay In death's em-bra-ces ere he rose on high,
A Christian can-not die be - fore his time, The Lord's appointment is the ser - vant's hour.
Come from the heat of battle and of peace, Sol-dier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
And all the ransom'd by that nar-row way, Pass to e - ter - nal life be - yond the sky.

SHALL WE SING IN HEAVEN?

3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land
Saints and angels sing forever
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love forever
In that happy land!

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest forever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

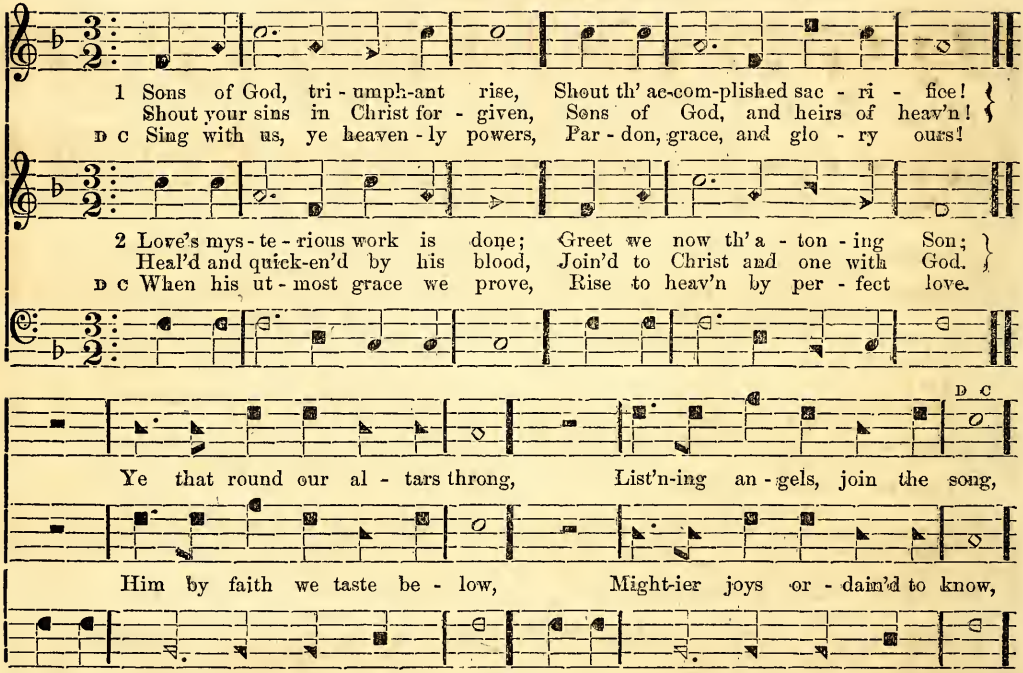
5 Shall we meet our dear lost children,
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear lost children,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

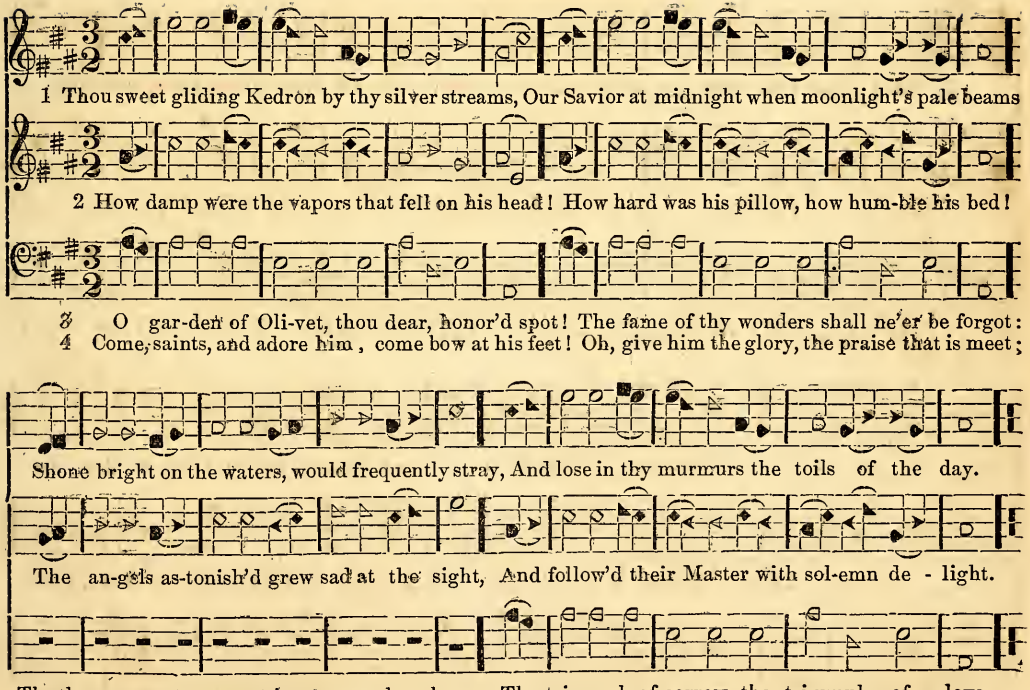
6 Shall we meet our Christian Parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our Christians Parents
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Parents and children meet together
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

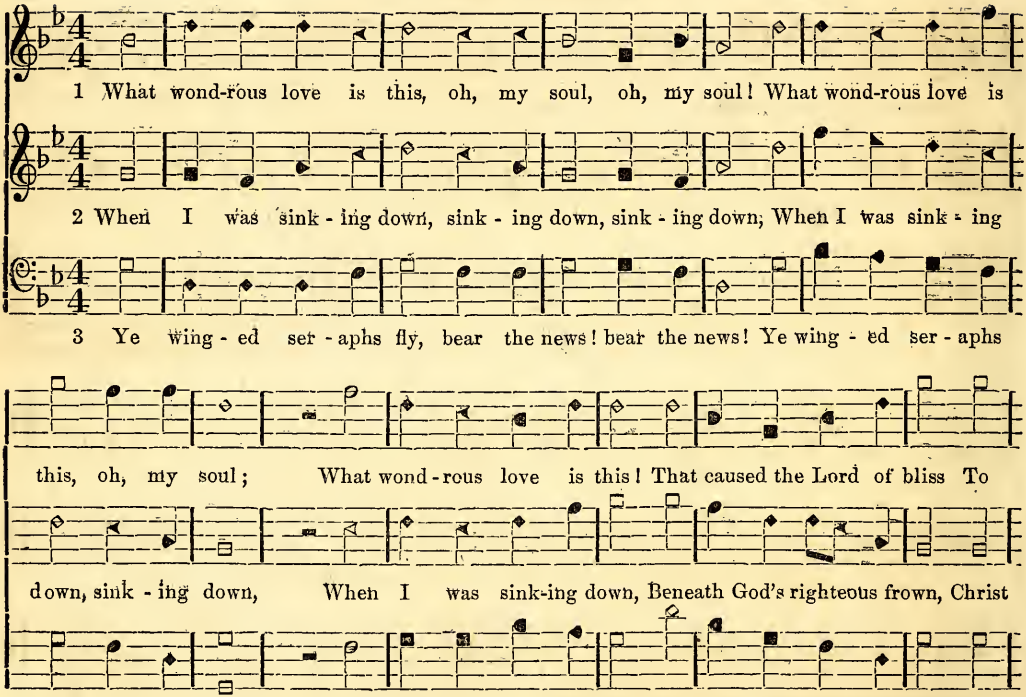
7 Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

8 Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Savior,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Savior
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love amd serve him there forever,
In that happy land!

MONTROSE. 7s. (DOUBLE.)




1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron by thy silver streams, Our Savior at midnight when moonlight's pale beams
2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head! How hard was his pillow, how hum-ble his bed!
3 O gar-den of Oli-vet, thou dear, honor'd spot! The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot:
4 Come, saints, and adore him, come bow at his feet! Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
The an-gels as-tonish'd grew sad at the sight, And follow'd their Master with sol-emn de - light.
The theme most trans-port-ing to seraphs a-bove; The tri-umph of sorrow, the tri-umph of love.
Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un-ceas-ing a - rise, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies.

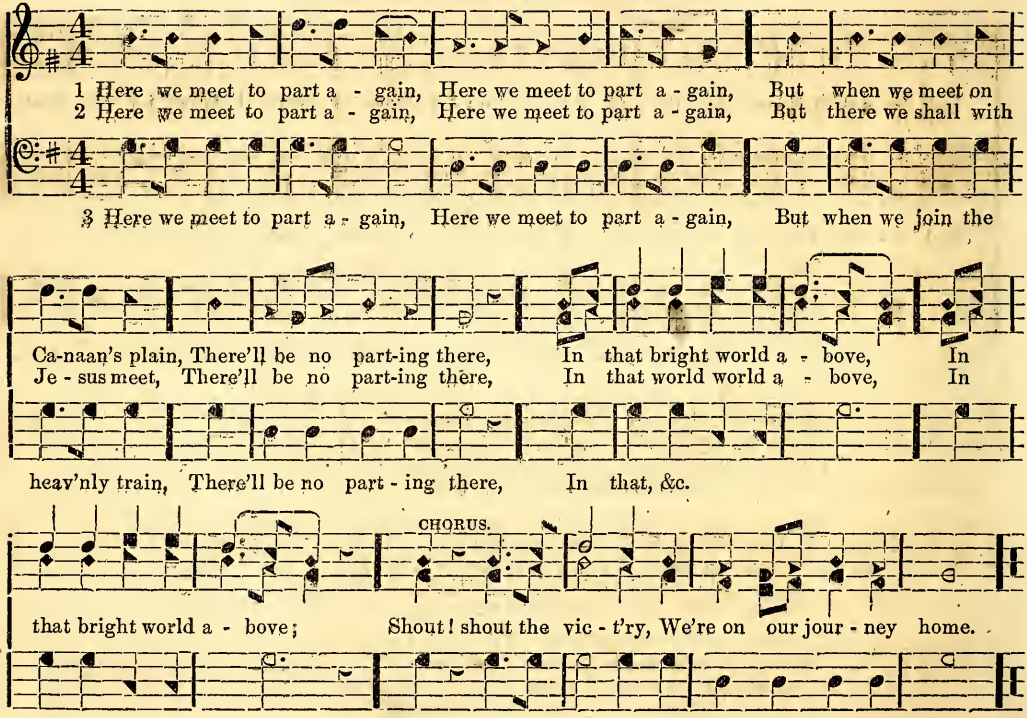

1 What wond-rous love is this, oh, my soul, oh, my soul! What wond-rous love is
2 When I was sink - ing down, sink - ing down, sink - ing down; When I was sink - ing
3 Ye wing - ed ser - aphs fly, bear the news! bear the news! Ye wing - ed ser - aphs
this, oh, my soul; What wond - rous love is this! That caused the Lord of bliss To
down, sink - ing down, When I was sink-ing down, Beneath God's righteous frown, Christ
fly, bear the news! Ye wing - ed ser - aphs fly, Like com-ets through the sky, Fill

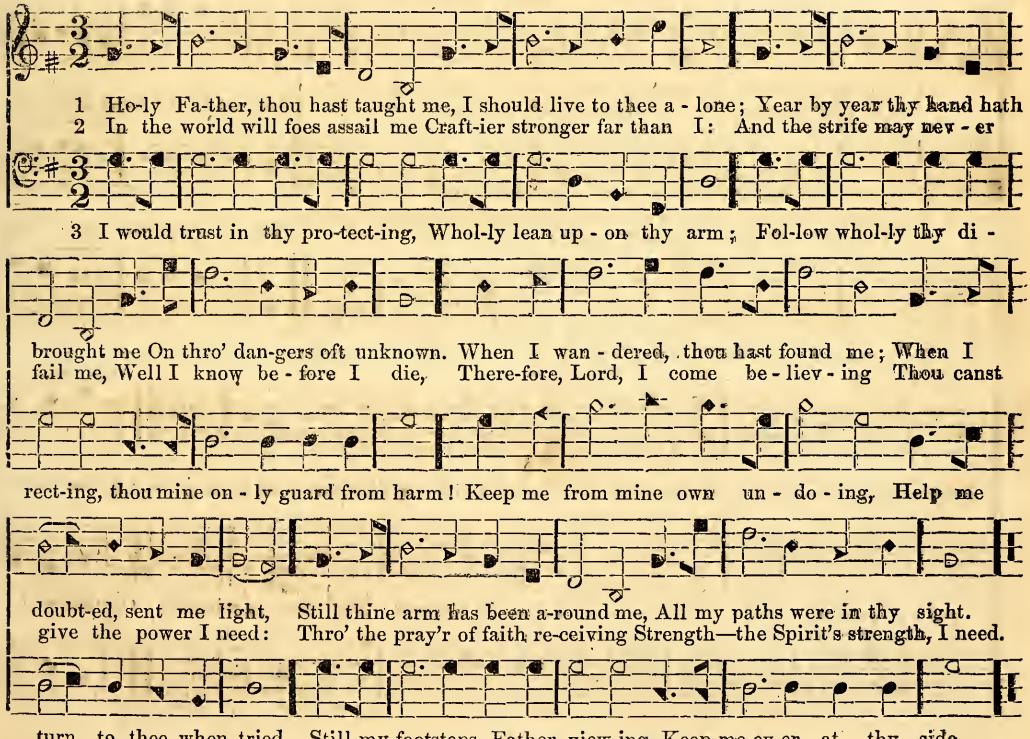
4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise! join his praise!
Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise!
Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his praise, in his praise:
And strike each tuneful string in his praise.

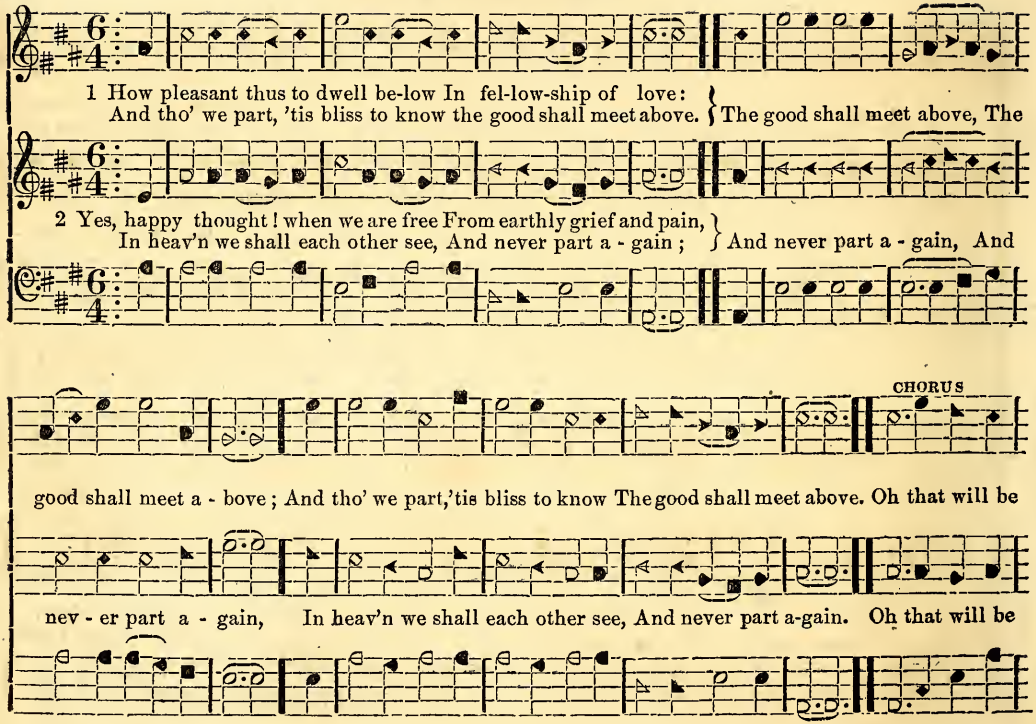
5 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will sing:
To God and to the Lamb who is the great I AM,
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

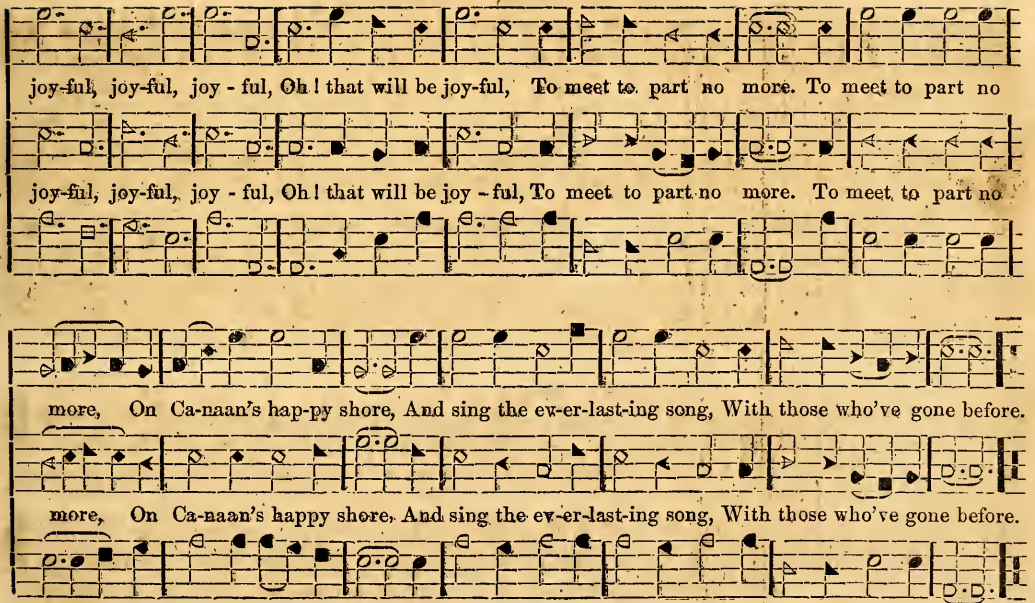
6 And when from death I'm free, I am free, I am free
And when from death I'm free, I am free;
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And through eternity I'll sing on.

NO PARTING THERE.




1 Ho-ly Fa-ther, thou hast taught me, I should live to thee a - lone; Year by year thy hand hath
2 In the world will foes assail me Craft-ier stronger far than I: And the strife may nev - er
3 I would trust in thy pro-tect-ing, Whol-ly lean up - on thy arm; Fol-low whol-ly thy di -
brought me On thro' dan-gers oft unknown. When I wan - dered, thou hast found me; When I
fail me, Well I know be - fore I die, There-fore, Lord, I come be - liev - ing Thou canst
rect-ing, thou mine on - ly guard from harm! Keep me from mine own un - do - ing, Help me
doubt-ed, sent me light, Still thine arm has been a-round me, All my paths were in thy sight.
give the power I need: Thro' the pray'r of faith re-ceiving Strength—the Spirit's strength, I need.
turn to thee when tried, Still my footsteps, Father, view-ing, Keep me ev-er at thy side.


1 How pleasant thus to dwell be-low In fel-low-ship of love:
And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know the good shall meet above.
The good shall meet above, The
2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free From earthly grief and pain,
In heav'n we shall each other see, And never part a - gain;
And never part a - gain, And
CHORUS
good shall meet a - bove; And tho' we part,'tis bliss to know The good shall meet above. Oh that will be
nev - er part a - gain, In heav'n we shall each other see, And never part a-gain. Oh that will be



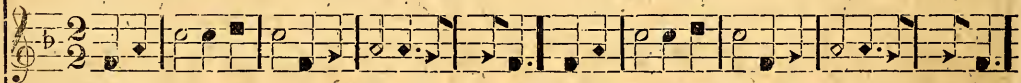
3 The children who have loved the Lord,
Shall hail their teachers there;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.

2 Ch. Harp.

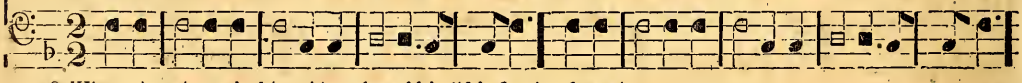
4 Then let us each in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we with those we love may join
In never-ending praise.

THE INVITATION.

1 Sinner go, will you go, to the highlands of heaven, Where the storms never blow and the long summer's given?

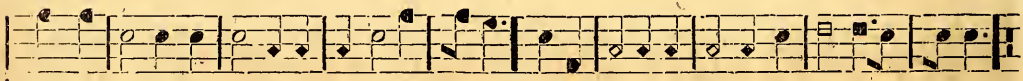


2 Where the rich, golden fruit in bright clusters are pending, And the deep laden boughs of life's fair tree are bending,

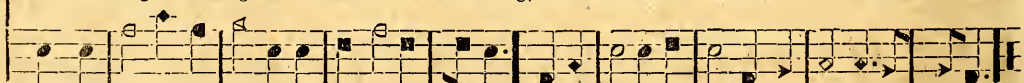


3 Where the saints robed in white, cleans'd in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright, shall inhabit the mountain,

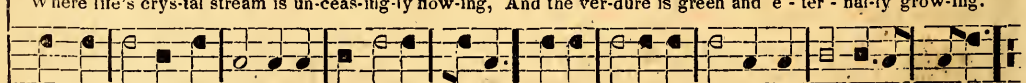
4 He's prepared thee a home, sinner canst thou believe it? And invites thee to come, sinner, wilt thou receive it!



Where the bright blooming flow'rs are their odors emitting, And the leaves of the bowers in the breezes are flitting.

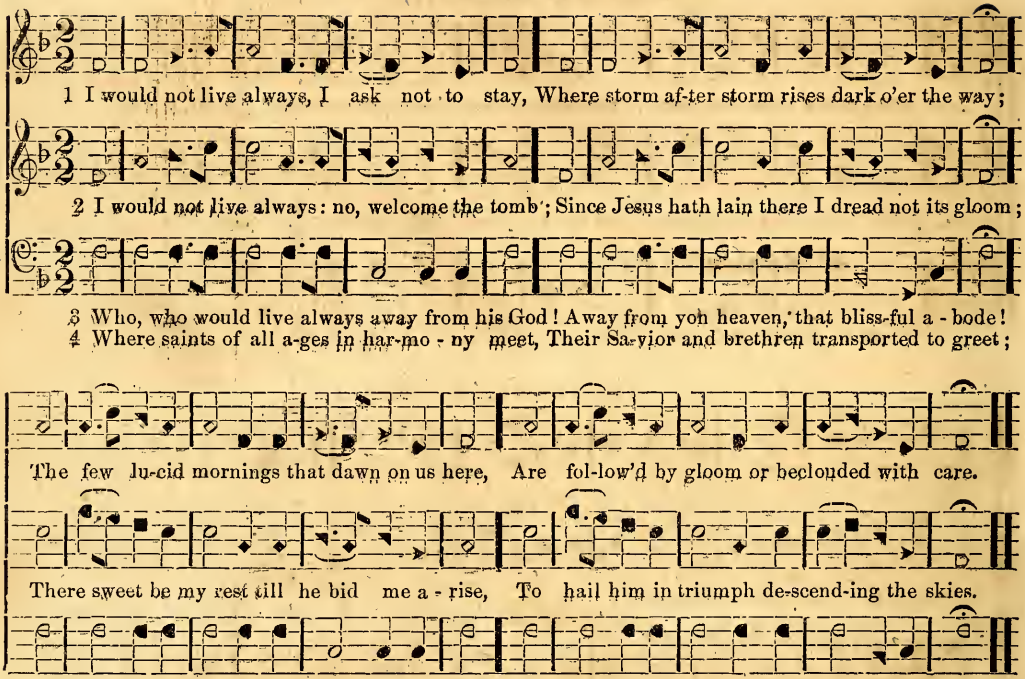


Where life's crys-tal stream is un-ceas-ing-ly flow-ing, And the ver-dure is green and e - ter - nal-ly grow-ing.

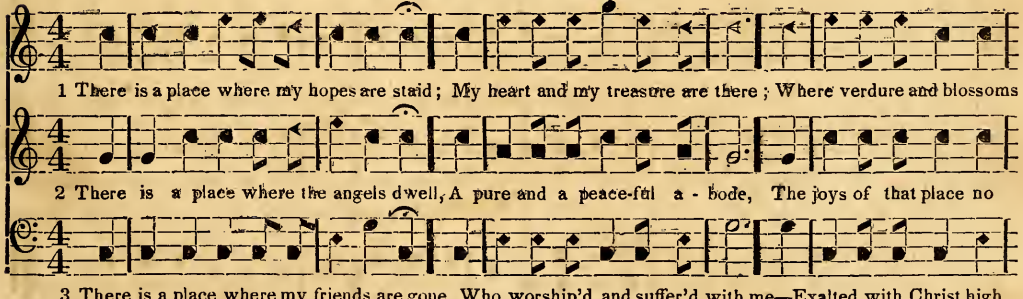


Where no sin, nor dis-may, neith-er trouble nor sorrow, Shall be felt for the day, nor be fear'd for the mor-row.
Oh! then come, sin-ner, come! for the tide is re-ced-ing, And the Savior will soon and for-ev-er cease pleading.

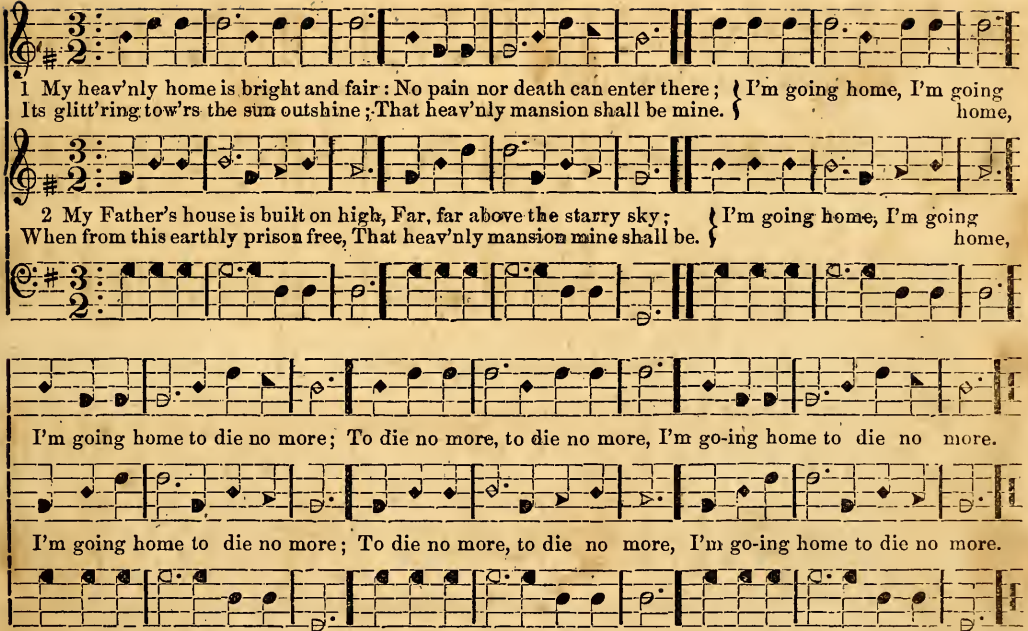
1 I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home: Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home:
2 What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrimage; Heav'n is my home;
3 There at my Sa-vior's side, Heaven is my home: I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home;
Danger and sor-row stand Round me on every hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.


1 I would not live always, I ask not to stay, Where storm af-ter storm rises dark o'er the way;
2 I would not live always: no, welcome the tomb; Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
3 Who, who would live always away from his God! Away from yon heaven, that bliss-ful a - bode!
4 Where saints of all a-ges in har-mo - ny meet, Their Sa-vior and brethren transported to greet;
The few lu-cid mornings that dawn on us here, Are fol-low'd by gloom or beclouded with care.
There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph de-scend-ing the skies.
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And noontide of glo-ry e - ter - nal-ly reigns.
While anthems of rap-ture un - ceas-ing - ly roll, The smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

THE FATHERLAND.



THE FATHERLAND.—Continued.

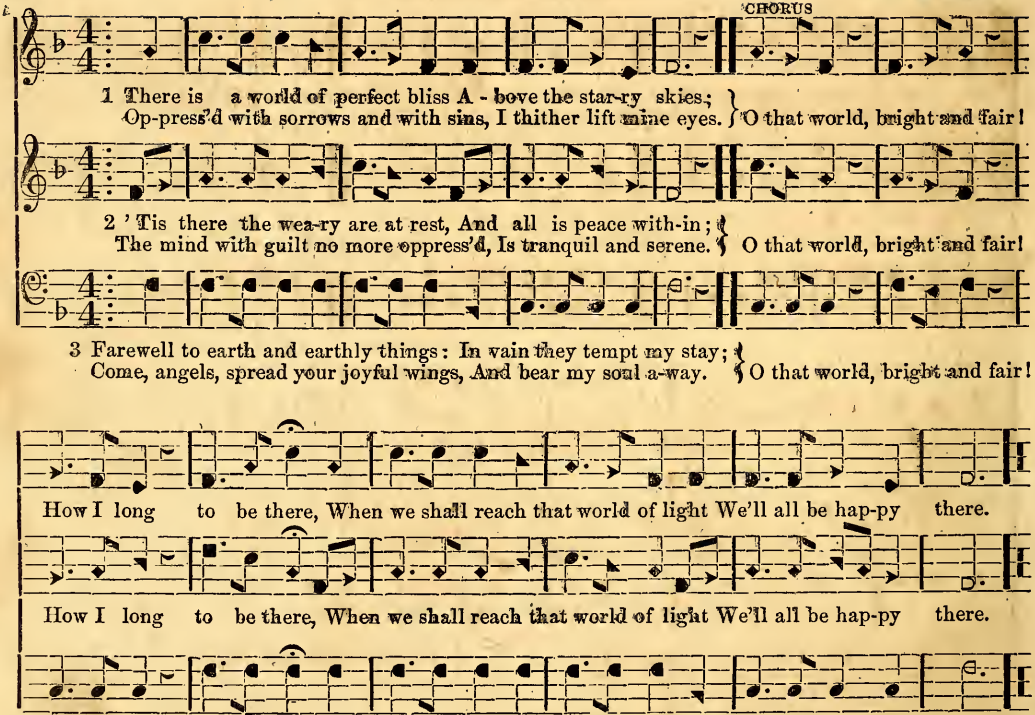


3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

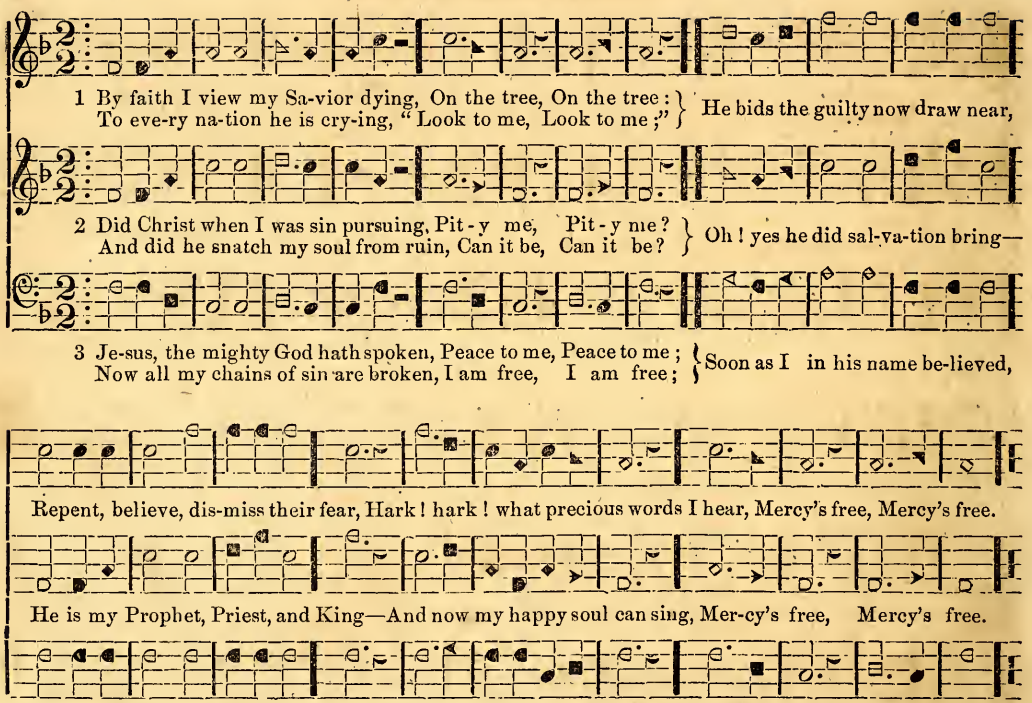
4 Then fail this earth ; let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

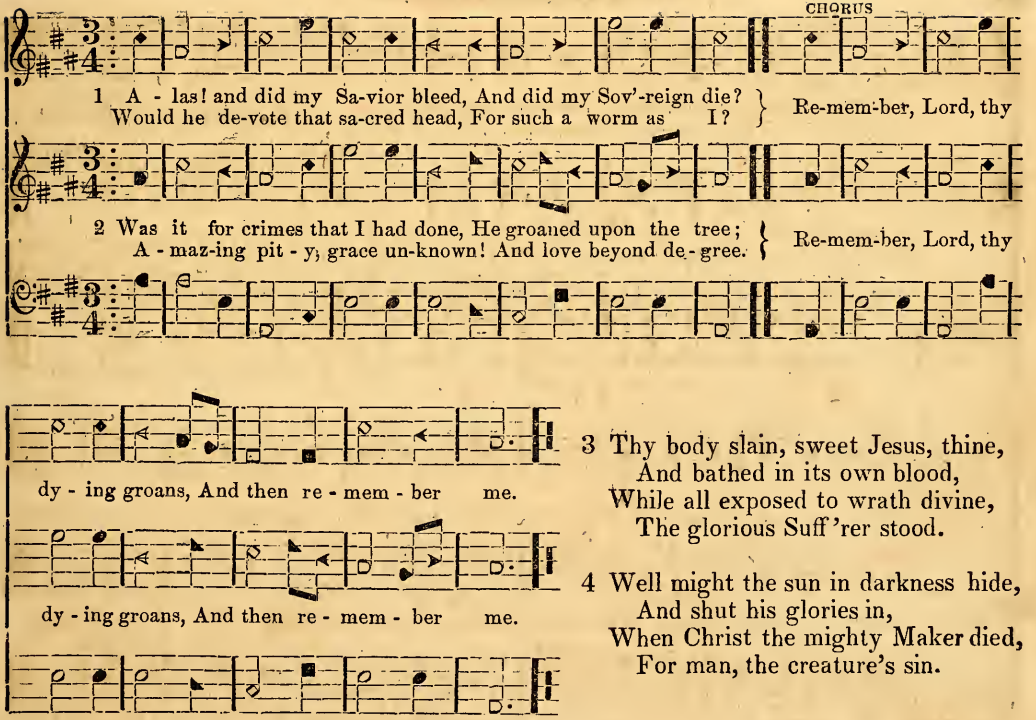
THE WORLD OF LIGHT. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.



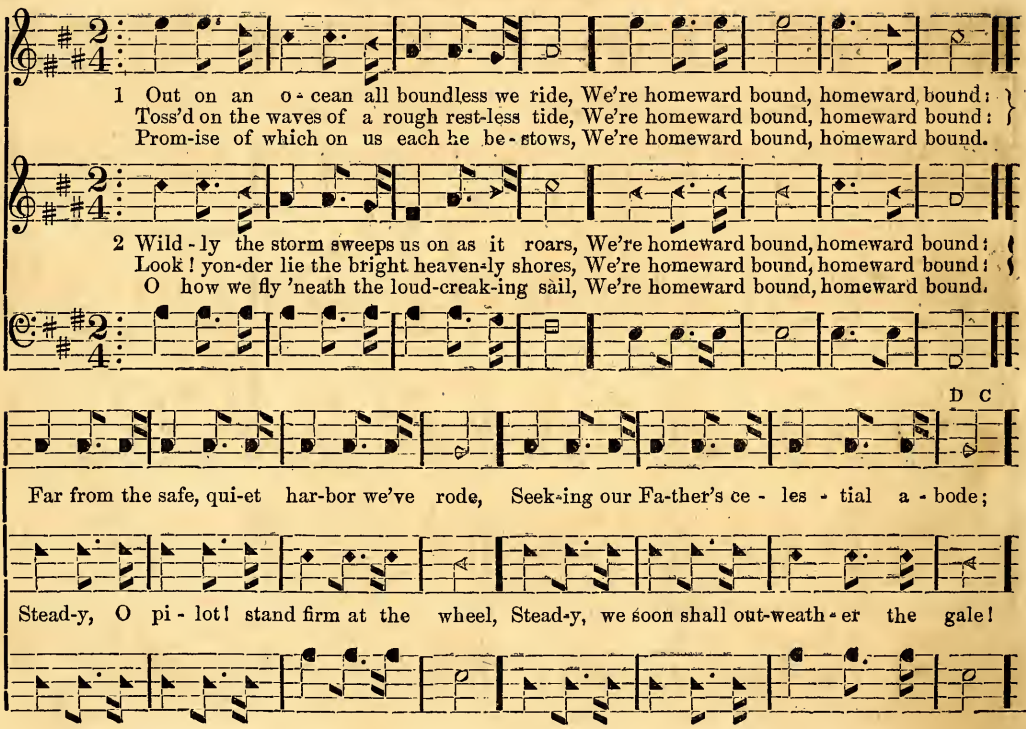
1 I love thy king-dom Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The Church our bless'd Re -
2 For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend: To her my toils and
3 Je - sus, thou Friend divine, Our Sa-vior and our King, Thy hand from eve-ry
deem-er saved With his own pre-cious blood. I love thy Church, O God; Her walls be-fore thee
cares be given, Till toils and cares shall end. Be - yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly
snare and foe, Shall great de-liv'r-ance bring. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be
stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.
ways, Her sweet com-mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
giv'n, The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield. And bright - er bliss of heav'n.


1 By faith I view my Sa-vior dying, On the tree, On the tree;
To eve-ry na-tion he is cry-ing, "Look to me, Look to me;"
He bids the guilty now draw near,
2 Did Christ when I was sin pursuing, Pit-y me, Pit-y me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin, Can it be, Can it be?
Oh! yes he did sal-va-tion bring—
3 Je-sus, the mighty God hath spoken, Peace to me, Peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken, I am free, I am free;
Soon as I in his name be-lieved,
Repent, believe, dis-miss their fear, Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King—And now my happy soul can sing, Mer-cy's free, Mercy's free.
The Ho-ly Spir-it I received, And Christ from death my soul retrieved, Mer-cy's free, Mer-cy's free.



3 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer stood.

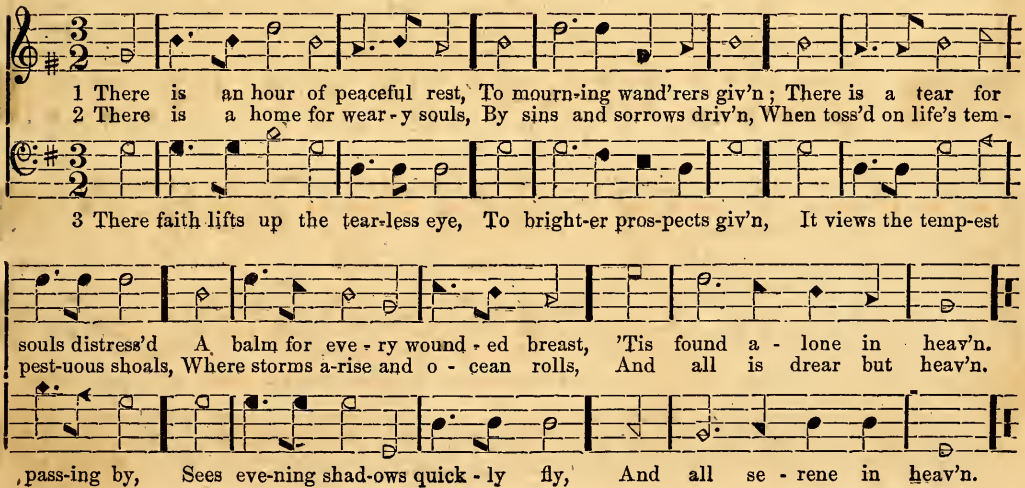
4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.


1 Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Toss'd on the waves of a rough rest-less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Prom-ise of which on us each he be - stows, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
2 Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Look! yon-der lie the bright heaven-ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
O how we fly 'neath the loud-creak-ing sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
D C
Far from the safe, qui-et har-bor we've rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a - bode;
Stead-y, O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Stead-y, we soon shall out-weath - er the gale!

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along
We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Come trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come, and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last:
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

WOODLAND. 8,6,8,8,8,6.



HOSANNA. L. M.

1 Je - sus my all to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue, The nar - row way till him I view.
2 This is the way I long have sought, And mourned be-cause I found it not,
Till late I heard my Sa - vior say, "Come hith-er souls, I am the way."
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till him I view,
Till late I heard my Sa - vior say, "Come hith - er souls, I am the Way."

3 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
My sinful self to thee I give—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

4 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—"Behold the way to God!"

OUR HOME IS NOT BELOW. C. M.

Arr. by ALDINE.

2 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

3 Farewell vain world I'm going home,
My Savior smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

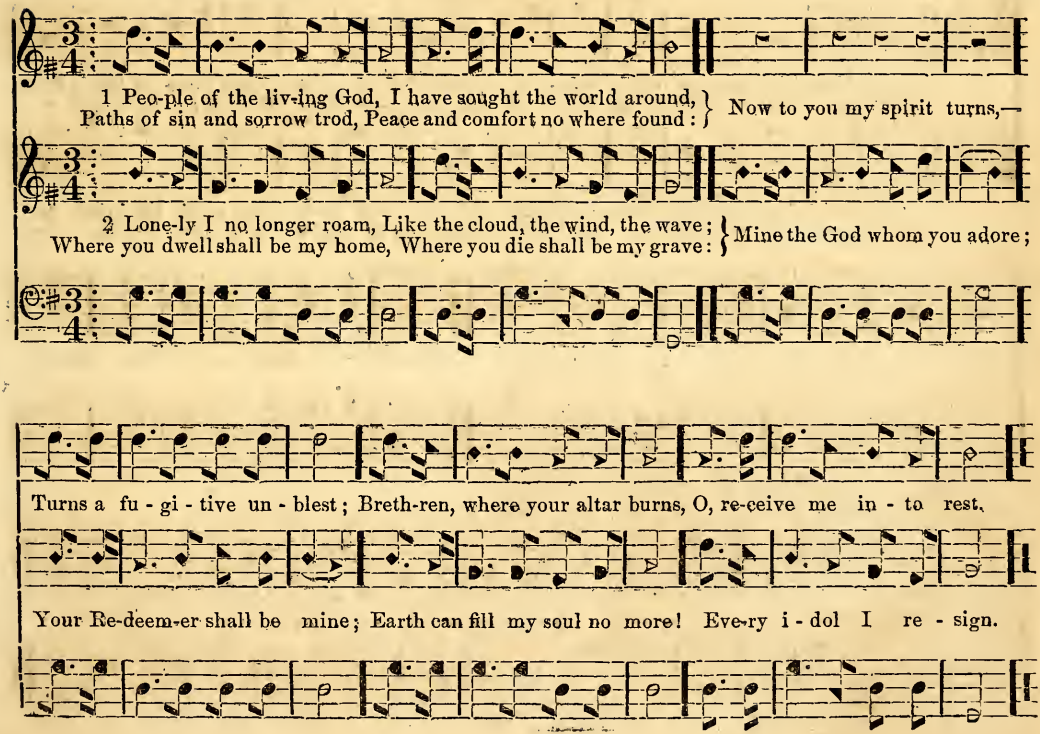
4 I soon shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms I'll lose my breath;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

5 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell
My Jesus hath done all things well.

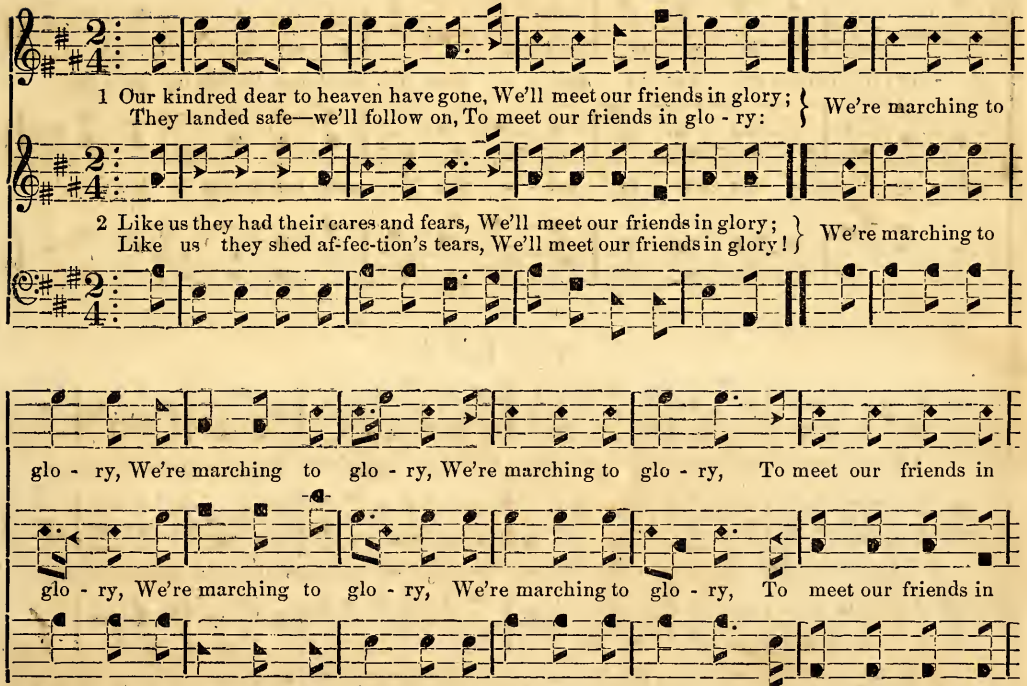
1 There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign ;
In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood While Jordan roll'd between ;
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
3 O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Ca-naan that we love With un - be-clouded eyes !
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And nev-er with'ring flowers ; Death like a nar - row sea di-vides, This heav'n-ly land from ours.
To cross this narrow sea ! And linger shiv'r-ing on the brink, And fear to launch a way.
And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

3 Ch. Harp.

BALTIMORE. 7's.


1 Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,—
2 Lone-ly I no longer roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore;
Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest; Breth-ren, where your altar burns, O, re-ceive me in - to rest.
Your Re-deem-er shall be mine; Earth can fill my soul no more! Eve-ry i - dol I re - sign.

1 O sing to me of heav'n When I am call'd to die: Sing songs of ho - ly
2 When cold and slug-gish drops, Roll off my mar-ble brow, Burst forth in songs of
3 When the last mo-ment comes, O watch my dy - ing face, And catch the bright se -
4 Then to my rav-ish'd ear, Let one sweet song be giv'n! Let mu - sic charm me
CHORUS
ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high. There'll be no more sor-row there, There'll
joy - ful - ness,—Let heav'n be - gin be - low.
raph - ic gleam Which on each fea-ture plays.
last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n,
be no more sor-row there, In heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no more sorrow there.

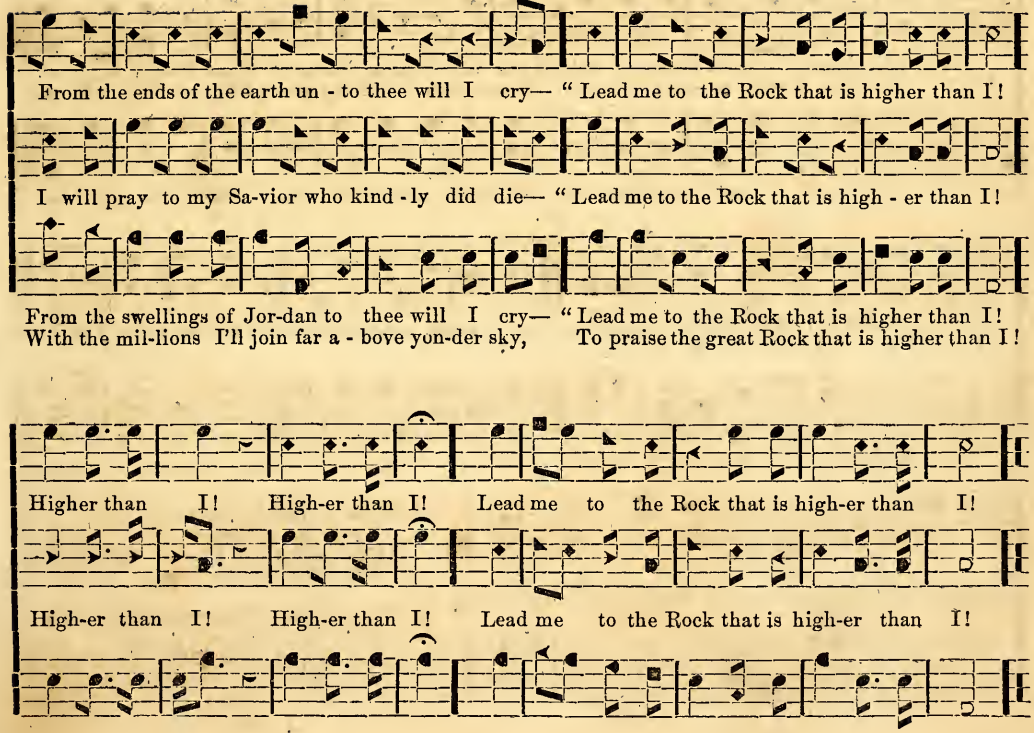


3 Now they are shining bright and fair, We'll meet, &c.
Victorious palms with joy they bear, We'll meet, &c.

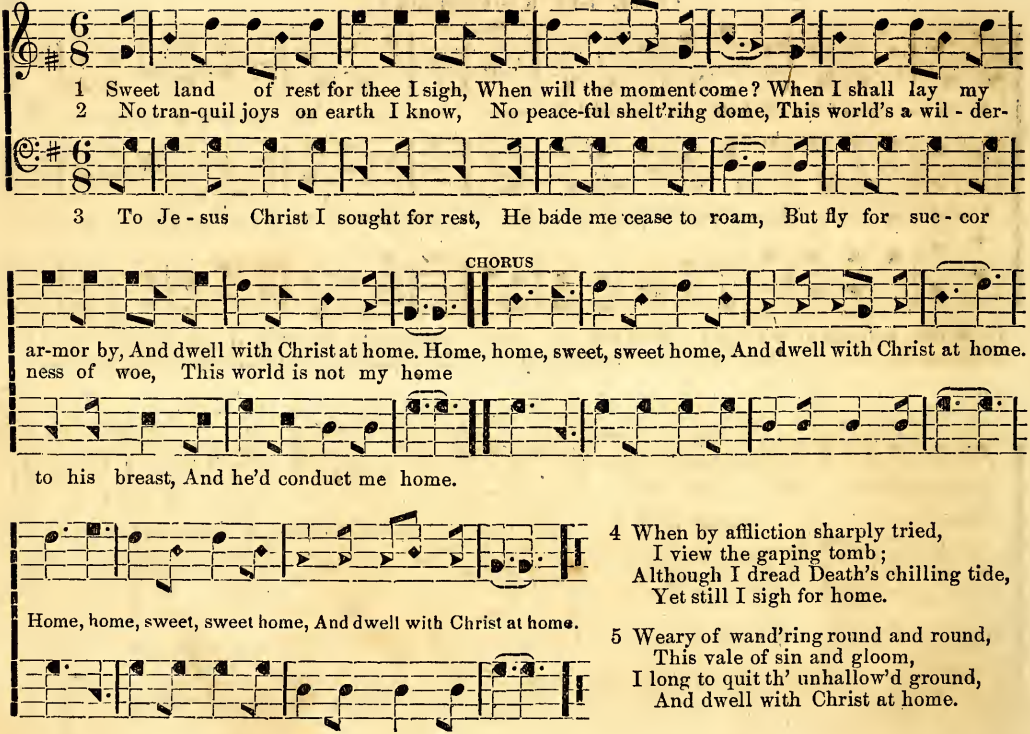
4 Safe housed in their eternal home, We'll meet, &c.
They wait till we with songs shall come, We'll meet, &c.

THE ROCK.

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here, In my Savior's pure righteousness let me ap-pear:
4 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,


From the ends of the earth un - to thee will I cry— "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!
I will pray to my Sa-vior who kind - ly did die— "Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I!
From the swellings of Jor-dan to thee will I cry— "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!
With the mil-lions I'll join far a - bove yon-der sky, To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!
Higher than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!
High-er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I!

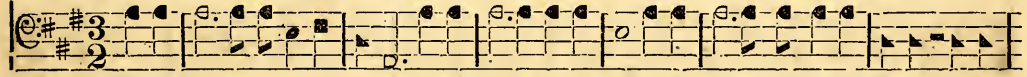
LAND OF REST. C. M.



4 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread Death's chilling tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

5 Weary of wand'ring round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to quit th' unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

1 We are out on the ocean sailing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; We are out on the ocean sailing To a
2 Mil-lions now are safe-ly landed Over on the golden shore; Millions more are on their journey, Yet there's



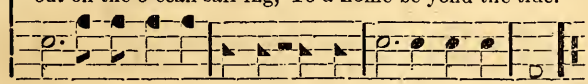
3 Come on board and ship for glory, Be in haste make up your mind! For our vessel's weighing anchor, You will
4 You have kindred over yonder, On that bright and happy shore; By and by we'll swell the number, When the

CHORUS

home be-yond the tide. All the storms will soon be over, Then we'll anchor in the harbor; We are
room for millions more.

soon be left be - hind.
toils of life are o'er.

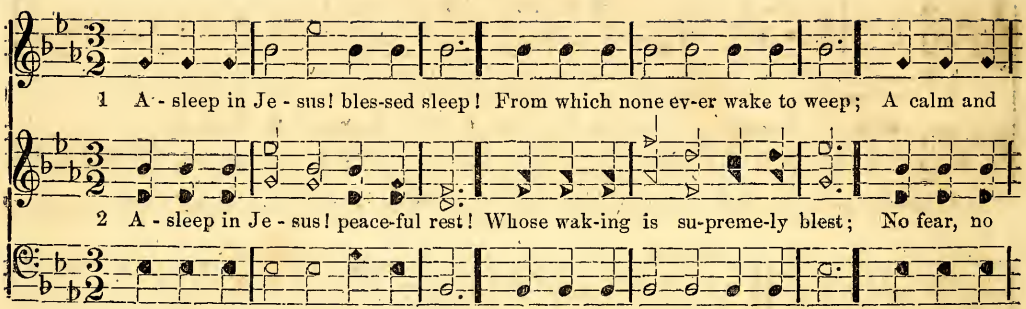
out on the o-cean sail-ing, To a home be-yond the tide.



5 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes,
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.

6 When we all are safely anchored
Over on the shining shore,
We will walk about the city,
And will sing forevermore.

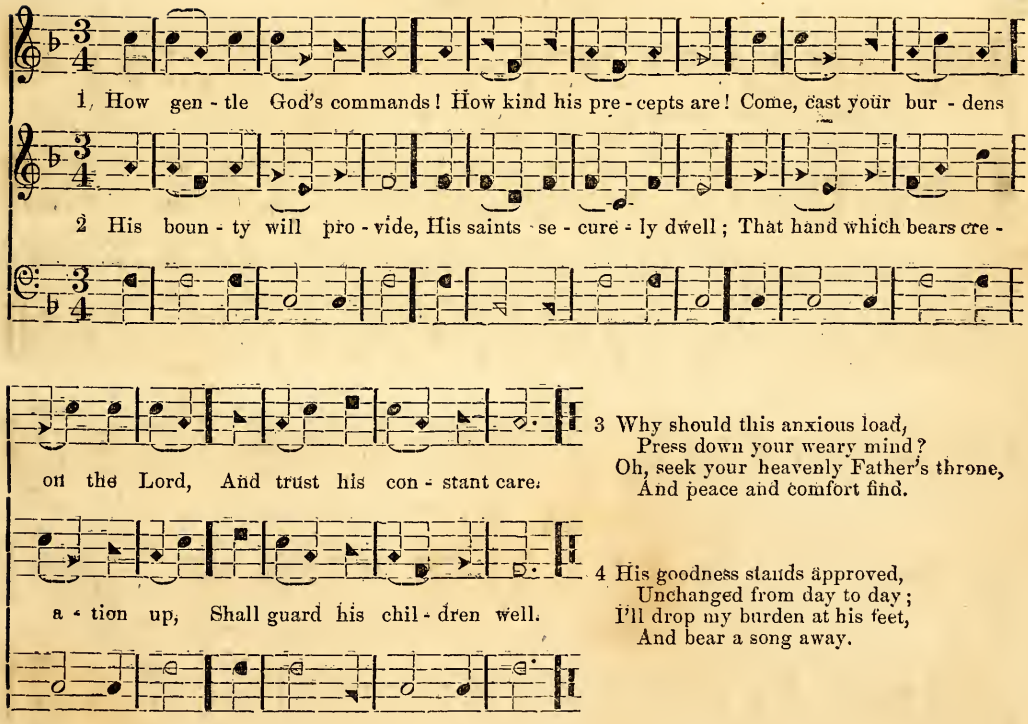
REST. L. M.



1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er!
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys:
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.



3 Why should this anxious load,
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

DARK CLOUDS.

Arr. by ALDINE.

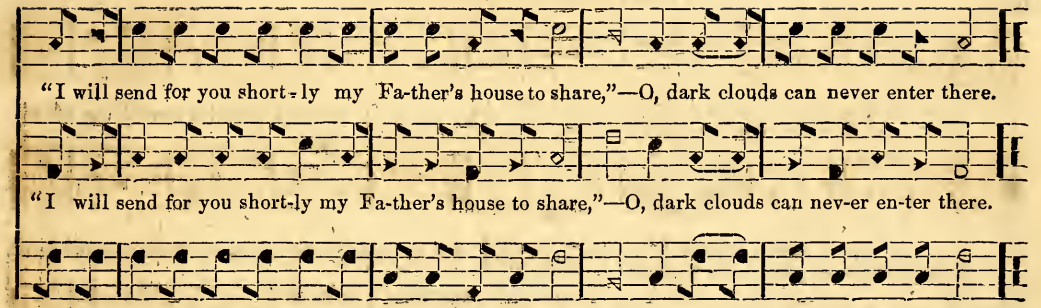
1 If the hope that we cherish may quell our many fears, We must still taste sorrow's bitter store:
On the path-way we trav-el Will fall un-bid-den tears, O, dark clouds quick-ly gath-er o'er.

2 Scarce a day of my so-journ With-in this drea-ry vale, May pass but a shadow's cast be-fore;
Our hearts may grow weary, Our courage almost fail,—O, dark clouds sometimes gather o'er.

CHORUS

But I hear the voice of my Sa-vior, Dark clouds, dark clouds melt in lu - cid air:

But I hear the voice of my Sa-vior, Dark clouds, dark clouds melt in lu - cid air:



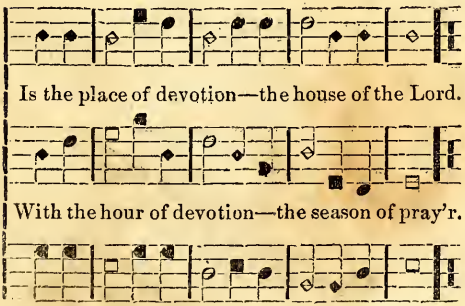
3 Dire enemies surround us
At morning noon and night,
As the lion crouches for his prey;
And when we look to Jesus,
Big tears bedim our sight,—
O, dark clouds hover o'er the way.

4 If the bliss of Christian union
Revives the fainting heart,
While loved ones to comfort tarry near,
In vain do we linger,
The dearest friends must part,—
O, dark clouds could separate us here.

5 This life's a tiresome journey
As still from stage to stage,
We go on to future good or ill;
From the early hours of childhood
Even down to trembling age,—
O, dark clouds quickly gather o'er.

6 As the sun, bright of a morning
May hide behind a cloud,
And bright buds of promise strew the ground,—
So in place of bridal garment,
May come the snowy shroud,—
O, dark clouds quickly gather round.

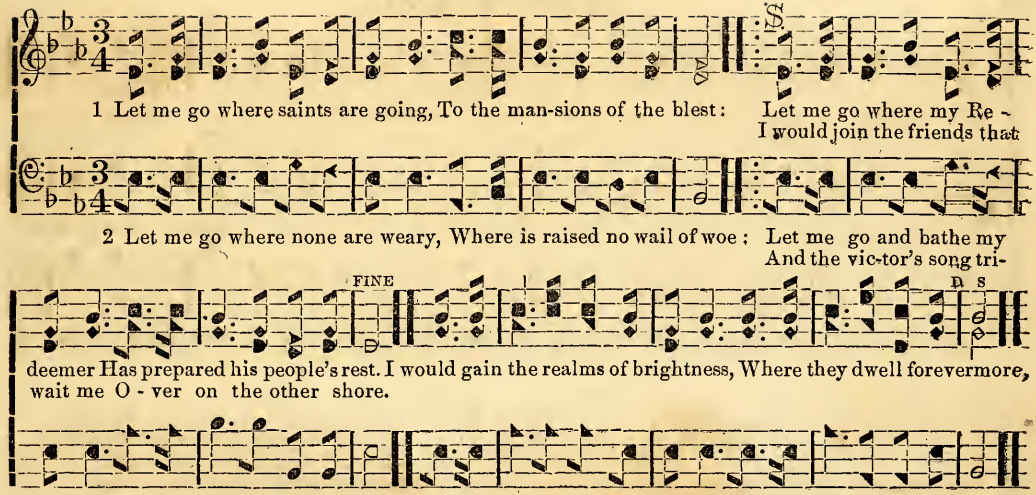
7 If the fond doting mother
Commends her infant's charms,
Too soon her rapture turns to gloom;
Like a sweet drooping flower,
It withers in her arms,—
O, dark clouds hover o'er its tomb.



3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame and of wealth,
Of the hopes which so flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss,—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

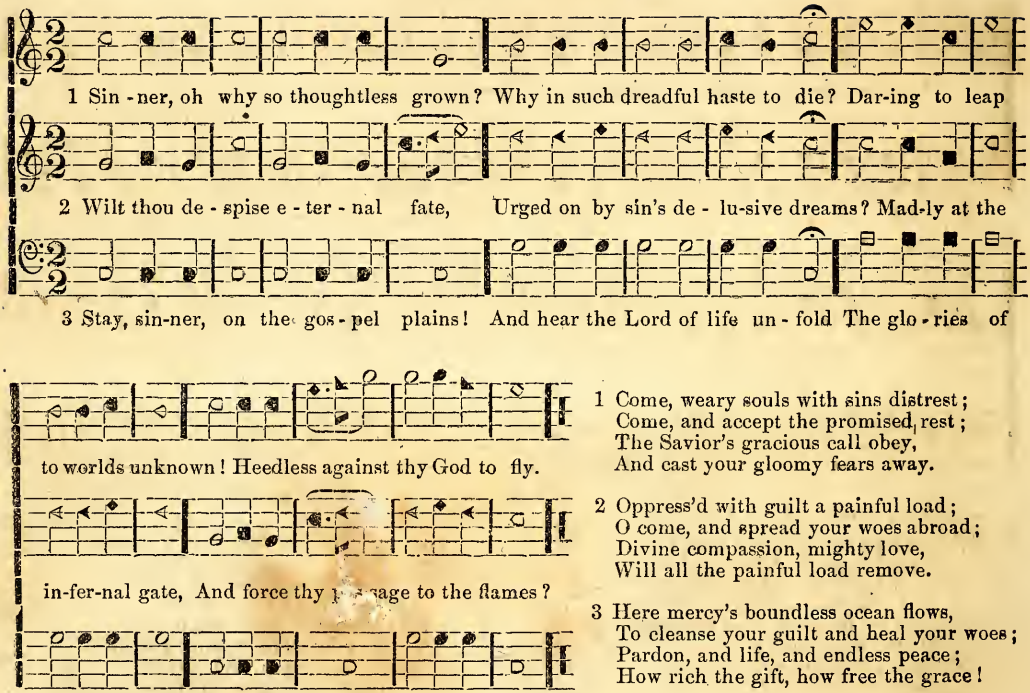
5 Ever hail! blessed temple, abode of my Lord,
I will turn to thee often and learn from his word:
I will walk to thy altars with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.



3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares, and toils, and sorrows?
What but death, and pain, and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie;
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

4 Let me go where tears and sighing,
Are forever more unknown,
Where the joyous songs of glory,
Call me to a happier home.
Let me go—I'd cease this dying,
I would gain life's fairer plains,
Let me join the myriad harpers,
Let me chant their rapturous strains.

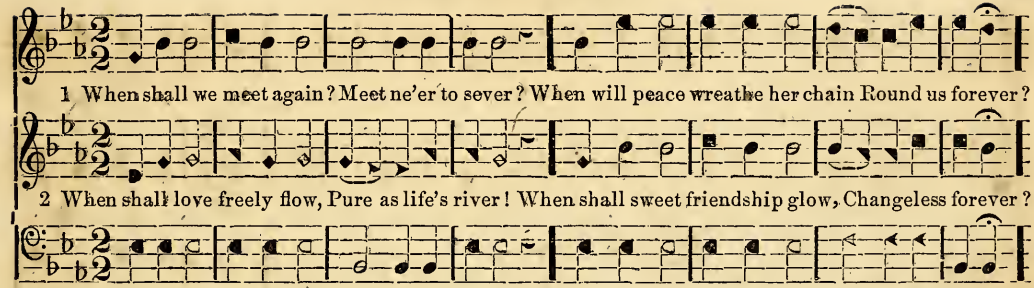
WESTON. L. M.

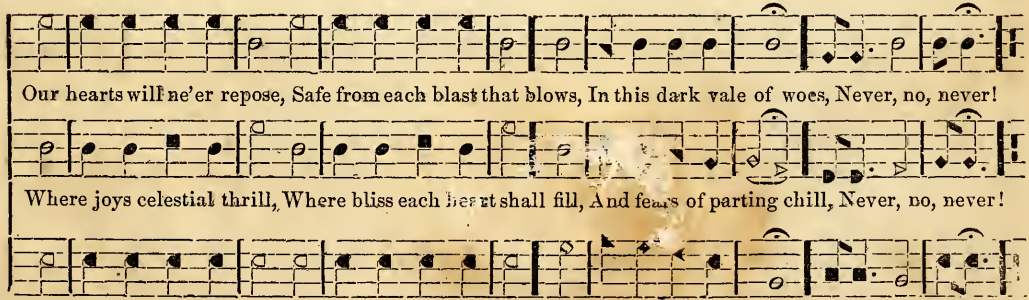


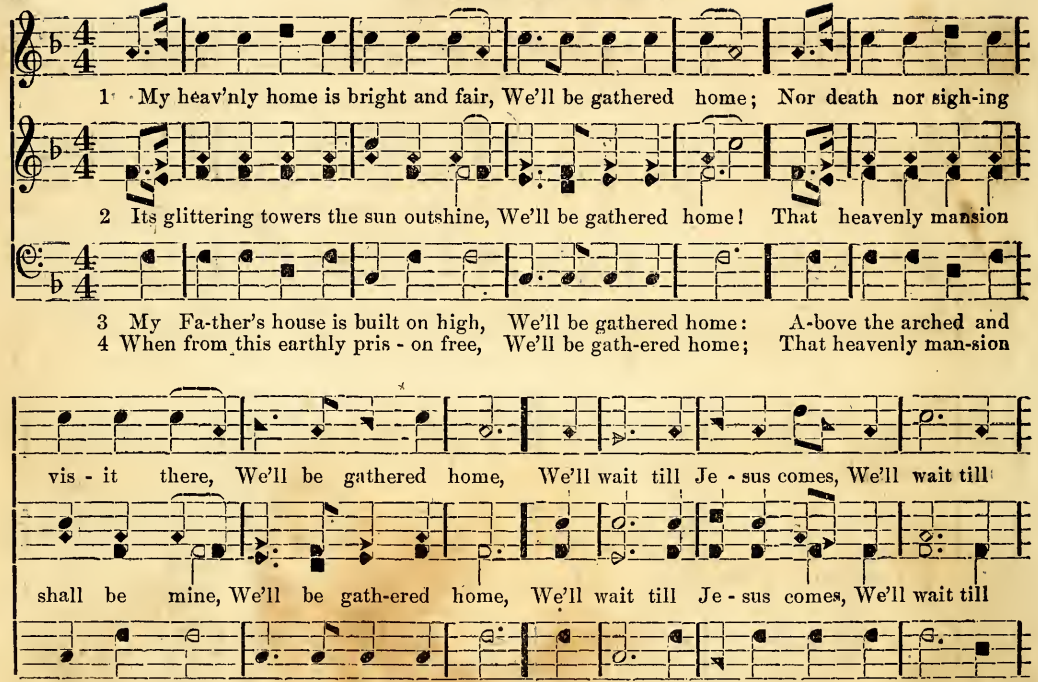
1 Come, weary souls with sins distrest;
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Savior's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt a painful load;
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!


1 When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever?
2 When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river! When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever?
3 Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa-vior: May we all there u - nite, Hap-py for - ev-er!
4 Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us forever!


Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!
Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never, no, never!
Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dis-pel Never, no, nev-er!
Our hearts will then repose, Secure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev-er, no, never!
4 Ch. Harp.


1 My heav'nly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home; Nor death nor sigh-ing
2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine, We'll be gathered home! That heavenly mansion
3 My Fa-ther's house is built on high, We'll be gathered home: A-bove the arched and
4 When from this earthly pris - on free, We'll be gath-ered home; That heavenly man-sion
vis - it there, We'll be gathered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till
shall be mine, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till
star - ry sky, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till
mine shall be, We'll be gath-ered home, We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till

5 While here a stranger far from home,
We'll be gathered home;
Affliction's waves around me foam,
We'll be gathered home,
CHO.—We'll wait, &c.

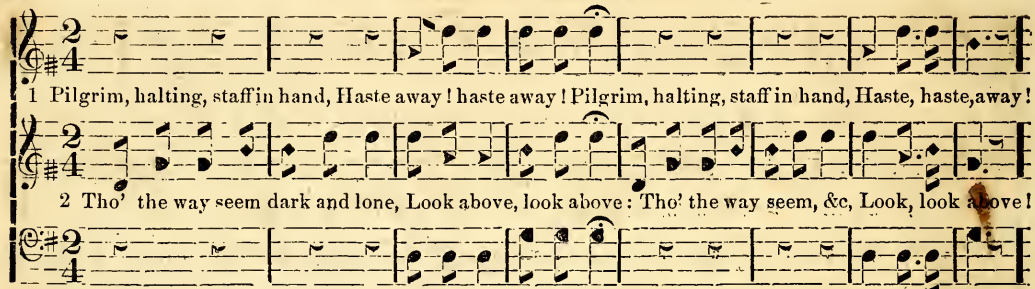
6 I envy not the rich and great,
We'll be gathered home;
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state,
We'll be gathered home.

7 My Father is a richer King,
We'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion still I sing,
We'll be gathered home.

8 Let others seek a home below,
We'll be gathered home;
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow,
We'll be gathered home.
CHO.—We'll wait, &c.

9 Be mine the happier lot to own,
We'll be gathered home;
A heavenly mansion near the throne,
We'll be gathered home.

10 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
We'll be gathered home;
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
We'll be gathered home.


1 Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand, Haste away! haste away! Pilgrim, halting, staff in hand, Haste, haste, away!
2 Tho' the way seem dark and lone, Look above, look above: Tho' the way seem, &c, Look, look above!
3 Pilgrim! God thy guide will be, Him obey, Him obey! Pilgrim! God thy guide will be, Him, Him obey!
4 Hark! a voice of melody! "Pilgrim, come! pilgrim come!" Hark! a voice, &c., "Pilgrim, come home!"

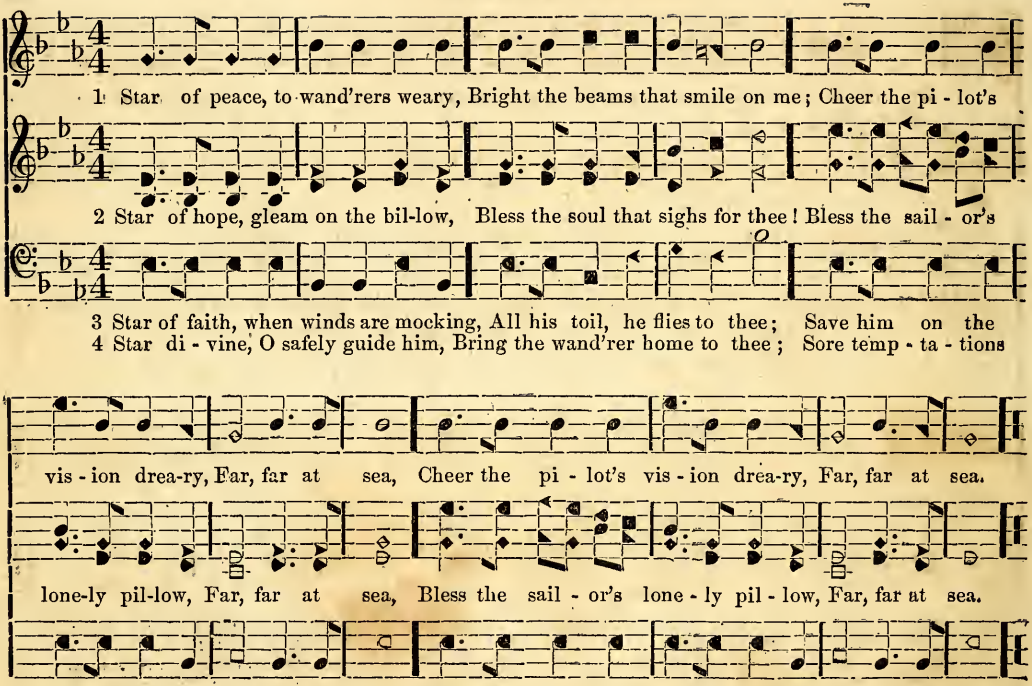
E'en the path where thou dost stand, Endeth in a better land, Far a - way, far a - way, Far, far a - way.
All is light around the throne—Sorrow's sighs are there unknown, All is love, all is love, All, all is love.
Trust him tho' thou canst not see, 'Tis his hand that leadeth thee, All the way, all the way, All, all the way.
'Tis thy Father calleth thee, Onward press and soon thou'lt be, Safe at home, safe at home, Safe, safe at home.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return;
Thy Savior bids thee live;
Go to his feet and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

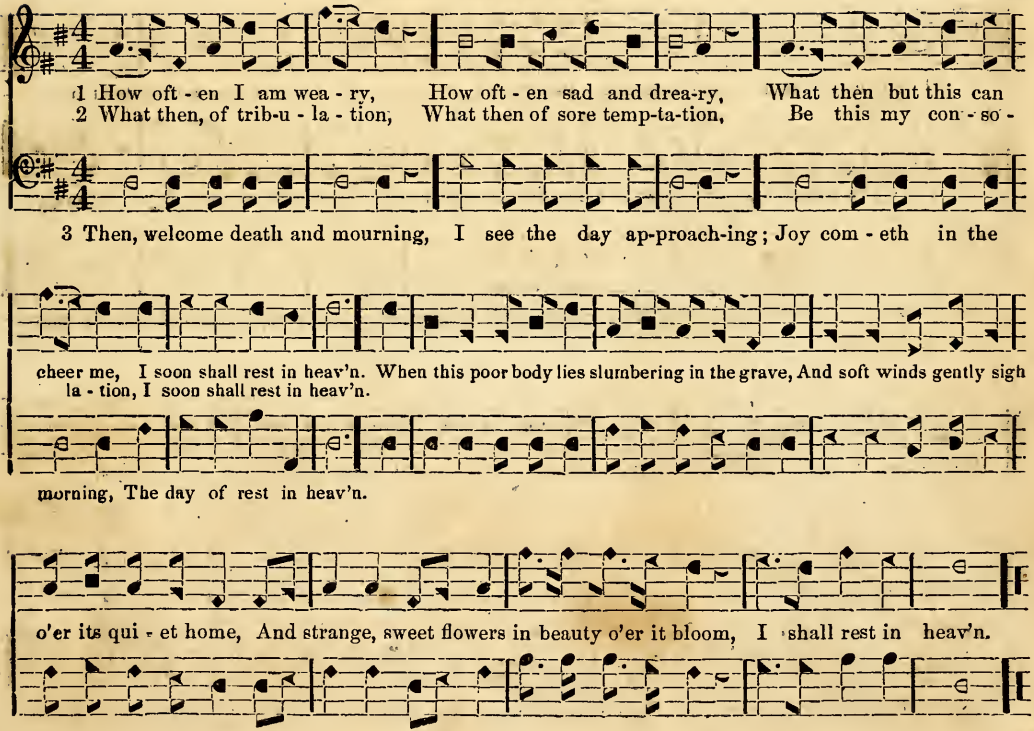
4 Return, O wanderer—now return
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

BILLOW.

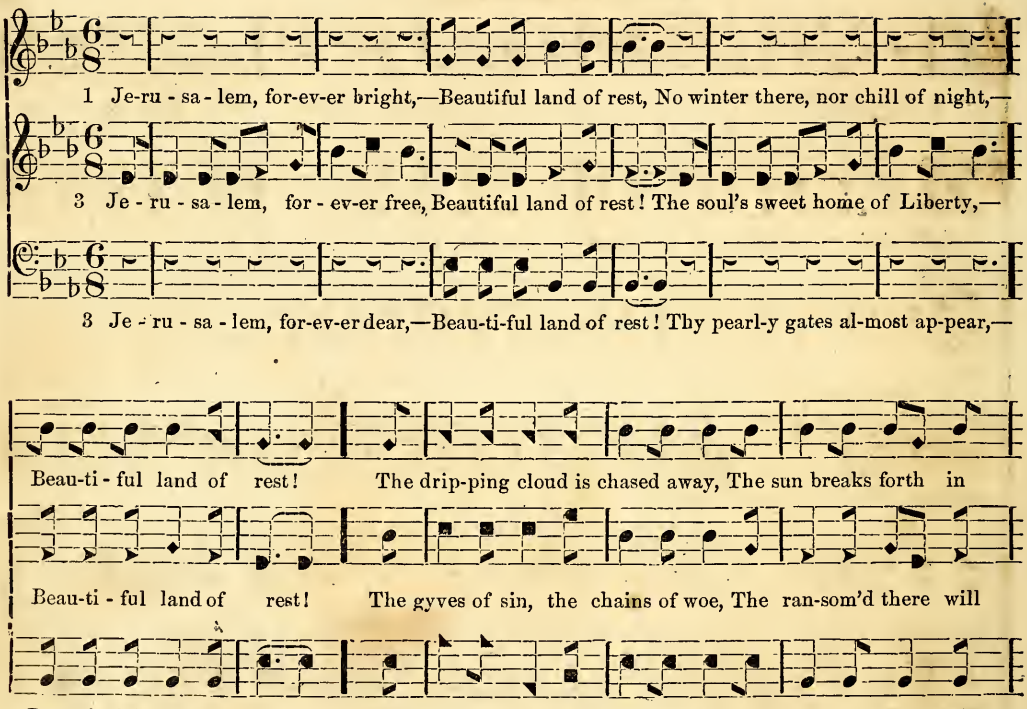

1 Star of peace, to wand'rers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pi - lot's
2 Star of hope, gleam on the bil-low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee! Bless the sail - or's
3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking, All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the
4 Star di - vine, O safely guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to thee; Sore temp - ta - tions
vis - ion drea-ry, Far, far at sea, Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drea-ry, Far, far at sea.
lone-ly pil-low, Far, far at sea, Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.
bil - lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea, Save him on the bil-lows rock-ing, Far, far at sea.
long have tried him, Far, far at sea, Sore temp - ta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

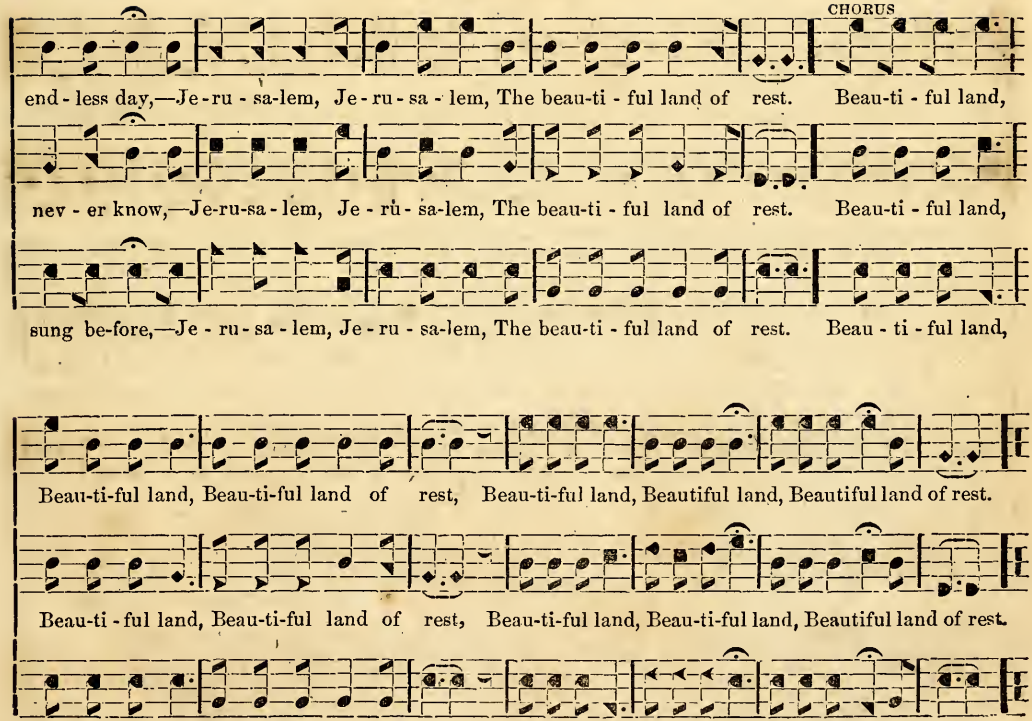
REST IN HEAVEN.

Arr. by Poe.



BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.



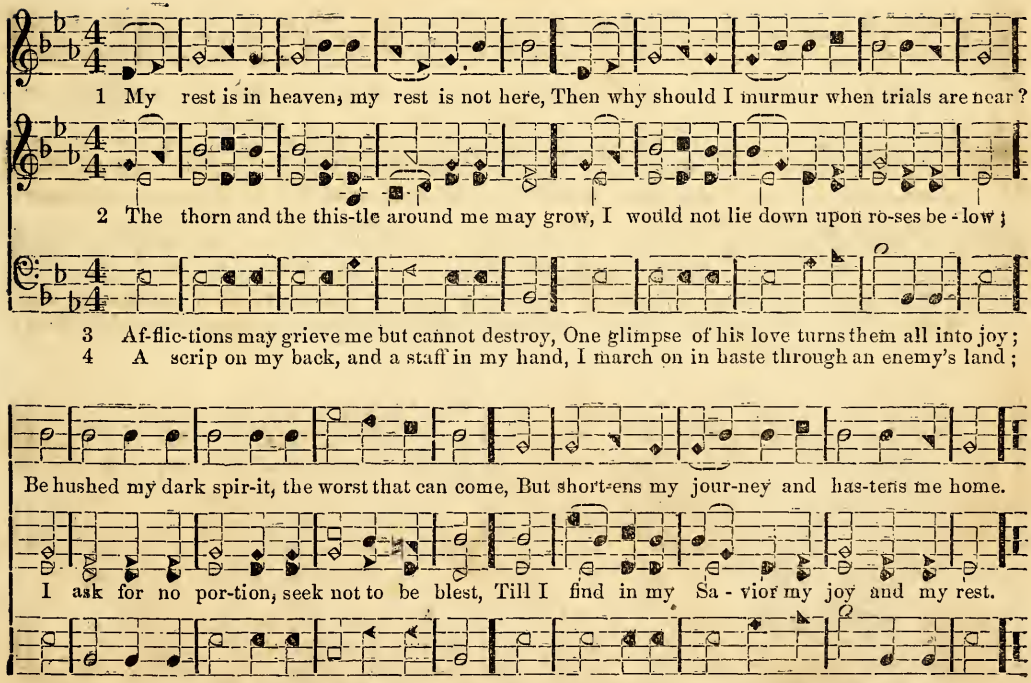

CHORUS
end - less day,—Je - ru - sa-lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau-ti - ful land of rest. Beau-ti - ful land,
nev - er know,—Je-ru-sa - lem, Je - ru - sa-lem, The beau-ti - ful land of rest. Beau-ti - ful land,
sung be-fore,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa-lem, The beau-ti - ful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land,
Beau-ti-ful land, Beau-ti-ful land of rest, Beau-ti-ful land, Beautiful land, Beautiful land of rest.
Beau-ti - ful land, Beau-ti-ful land of rest, Beau-ti-ful land, Beau-ti-ful land, Beautiful land of rest.

3 Our compass is the Sacred Word,
Our anchor blooming Hope,
The love of God our maintop sail,
And Faith our cable rope.
Then hoist, &c.

4 We've look'd astern and many a storm
The Lord has brought us through;
We're looking now, ahead, and lo!
The land appears in view,
Then hoist, &c.

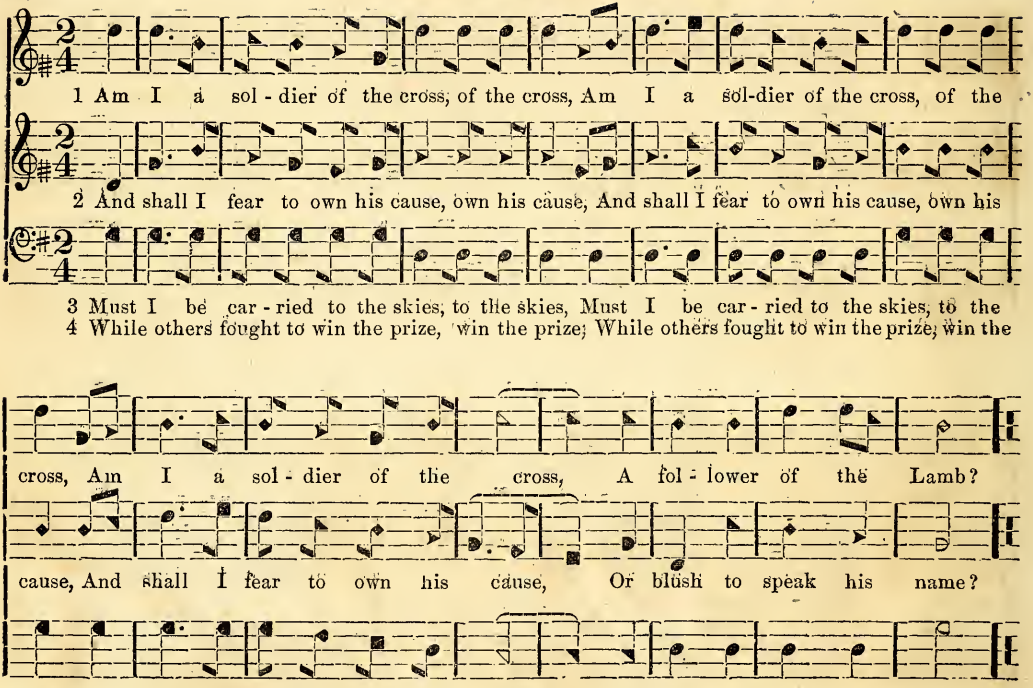
5 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
A city bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier,
Then hoist, &c.

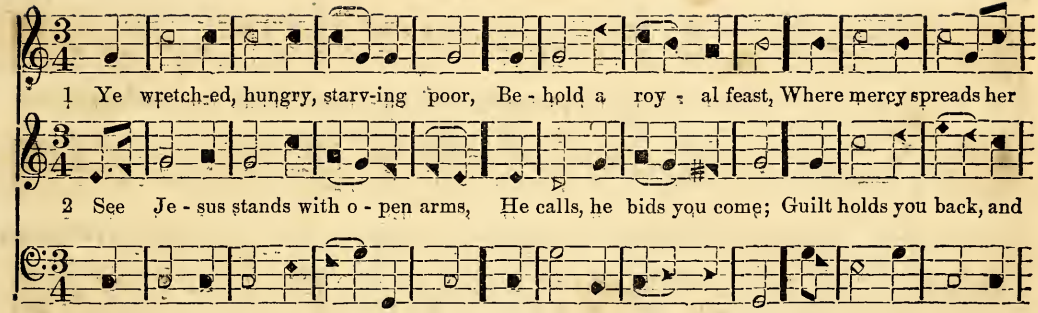
6 And when we all are landed safe,
On that celestial plain,
Our song shall be "Worthy the Lamb,
For rebel sinners slain."
Then hoist, &c.


1 My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
2 The thorn and the this-tle around me may grow, I would not lie down upon ro-ses be-low;
3 Af-flic-tions may grieve me but cannot destroy, One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
4 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand, I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
Be hushed my dark spir-it, the worst that can come, But short-ens my jour-ney and has-tens me home.
I ask for no por-tion, seek not to be blest, Till I find in my Sa-vior my joy and my rest.
And bit-ter-est tears if he smile but on them, Like dew in the sun-shine, grow diamond and gem.
The road may be rough but it cannot be long; I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

GLEN.

Arr. by Aldine.



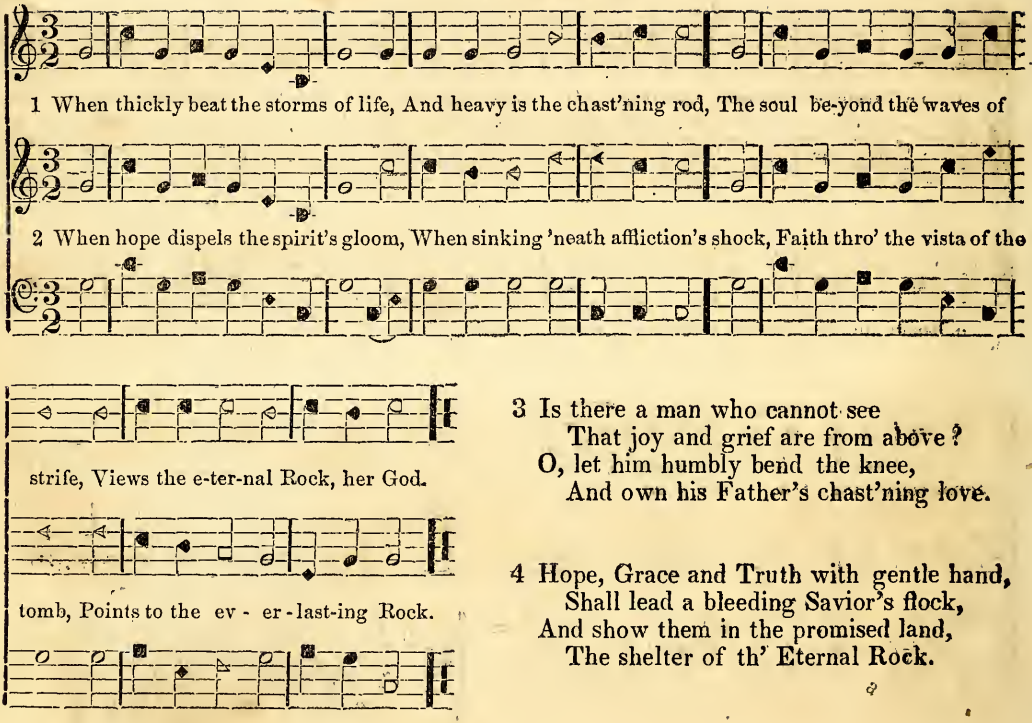


4 O come, and with his children taste,
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast;
Of nobler joys above.

5 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

ZELEK. L. M.



3 Is there a man who cannot see
That joy and grief are from above?
O, let him humbly bend the knee,
And own his Father's chast'ning love.

4 Hope, Grace and Truth with gentle hand,
Shall lead a bleeding Savior's flock,
And show them in the promised land,
The shelter of th' Eternal Rock.

PART II.

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

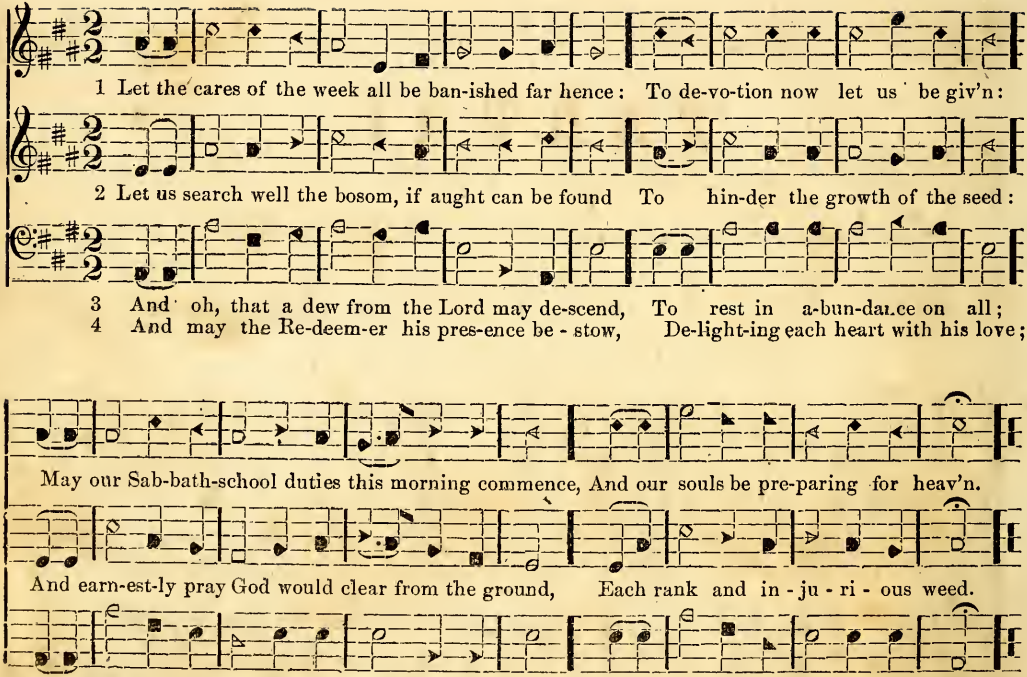
THE LITTLE PILGRIM BAND.

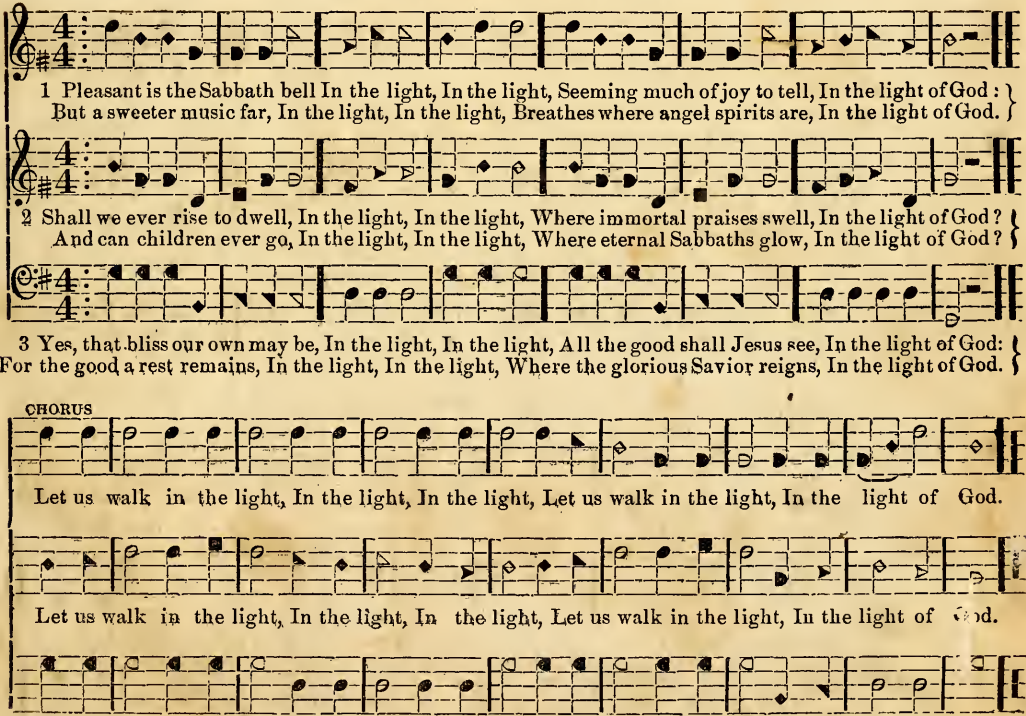
Words and Music by ALDINE.

1 We're a little pilgrim band, Roaming thro' a stranger land, Soon on Canaan's shore to stand, No more to roam.

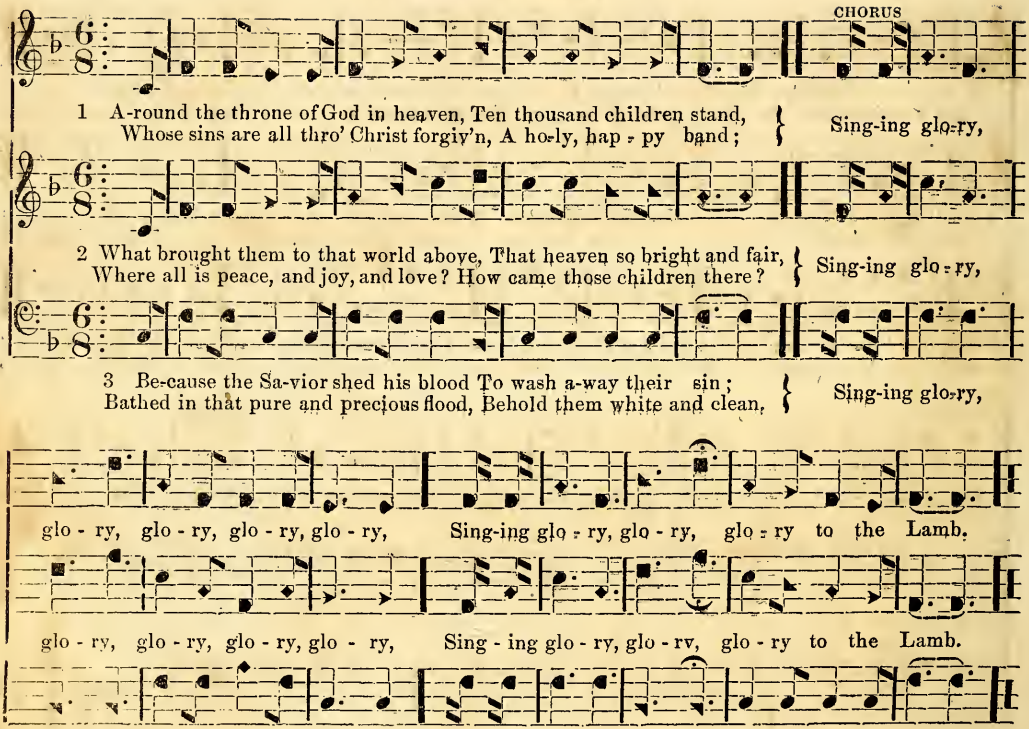
2 We're a little pilgrim band, Guided by a Savior's hand, Soon we'll reach our Fatherland, No more to roam.

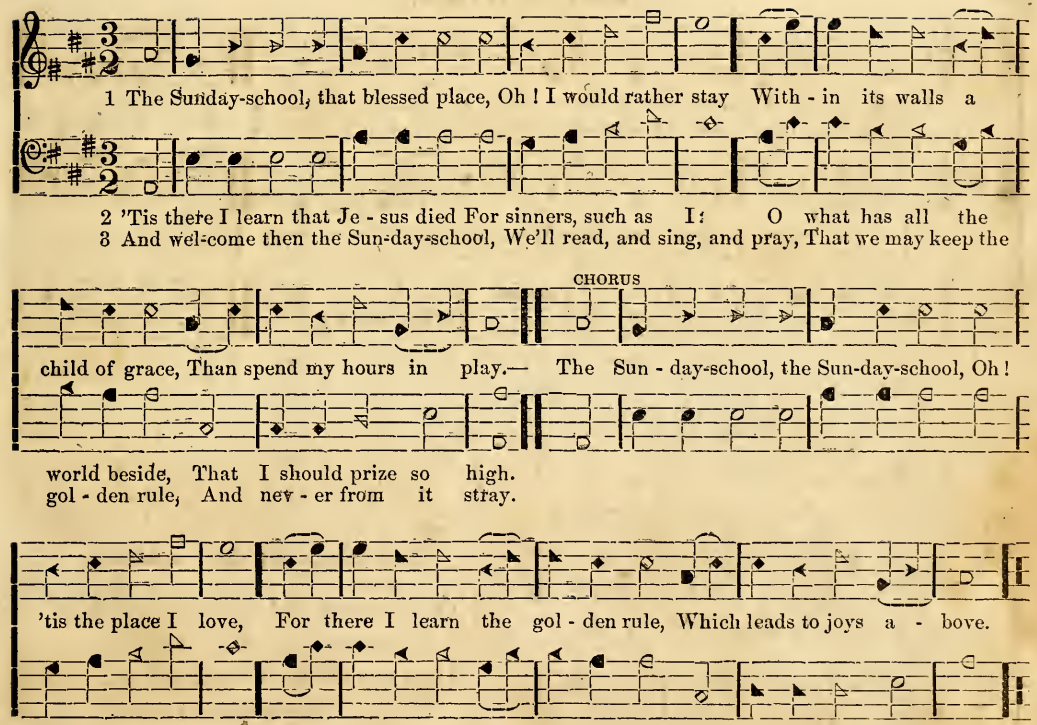
3 Soon that better land to gain, Free from sorrow, grief and pain, Sing the angel's happy strain—No more to roam.
There with Christ we'll live and reign, Nevermore to part again; Sing the Lamb that once was slain, No more to roam.

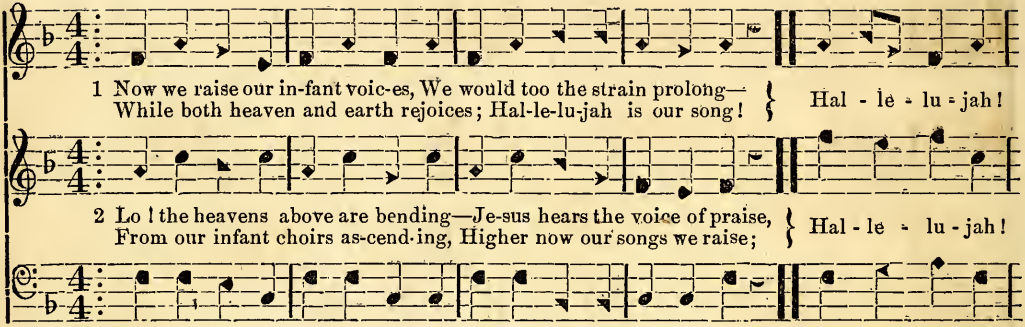

1 Let the cares of the week all be ban-ished far hence: To de-vo-tion now let us be giv'n:
2 Let us search well the bosom, if aught can be found To hin-der the growth of the seed:
3 And oh, that a dew from the Lord may de-scend, To rest in a-bun-dance on all;
4 And may the Re-deem-er his pres-ence be - stow, De-light-ing each heart with his love;
May our Sab-bath-school duties this morning commence, And our souls be pre-paring for heav'n.
And earn-est-ly pray God would clear from the ground, Each rank and in - ju - ri - ous weed.
For without it no bless-ing the word will at - tend, Though preached by A-pol-los or Paul.
And give us to taste, in his dwell - ing be - low, The joys of his tem-ple a - bove.


1 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell In the light, In the light, Seeming much of joy to tell, In the light of God :
But a sweeter music far, In the light, In the light, Breathes where angel spirits are, In the light of God.
2 Shall we ever rise to dwell, In the light, In the light, Where immortal praises swell, In the light of God ?
And can children ever go, In the light, In the light, Where eternal Sabbaths glow, In the light of God ?
3 Yes, that bliss our own may be, In the light, In the light, All the good shall Jesus see, In the light of God:
For the good a rest remains, In the light, In the light, Where the glorious Savior reigns, In the light of God.
CHORUS
Let us walk in the light, In the light, In the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.
Let us walk in the light, In the light, In the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

CHILDREN'S SONG.

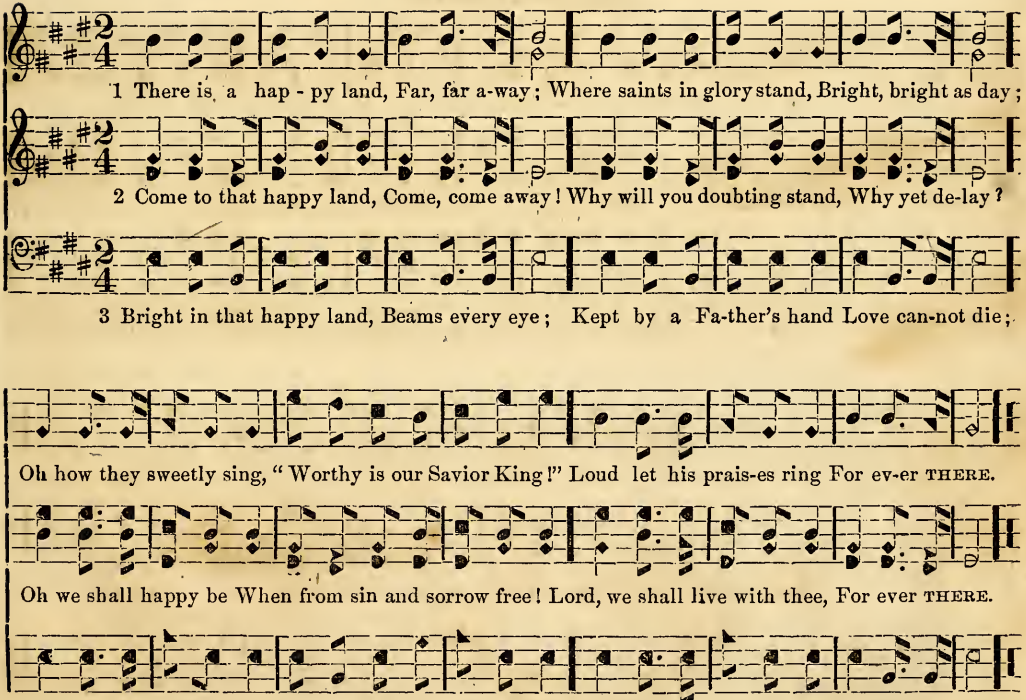



1 The Sunday-school, that blessed place, Oh ! I would rather stay With - in its walls a
2 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died For sinners, such as I: O what has all the
3 And wel-come then the Sun-day-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray, That we may keep the
CHORUS
child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.— The Sun - day-school, the Sun-day-school, Oh!
world beside, That I should prize so high.
gol - den rule, And nev - er from it stray.
'tis the place I love, For there I learn the gol - den rule, Which leads to joys a - bove.



4 We unto thy arms are pressing—
We in thy embrace would rest:
Now pronounce on us thy blessing—
Bless us and we shall be blest:

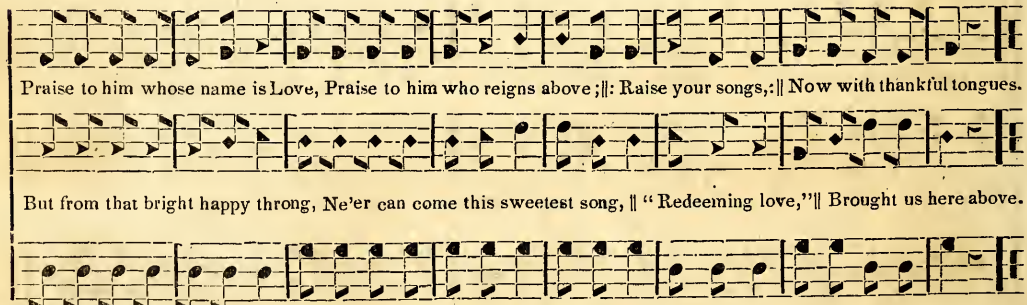
5 On we tread life's pathway, fearless,
If thou but our steps attend;
How can life to us be cheerless,
Jesus, if thou art our friend?


1 There is a hap - py land, Far, far a-way; Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;
2 Come to that happy land, Come, come away! Why will you doubting stand, Why yet de-lay?
3 Bright in that happy land, Beams every eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand Love can-not die;
Oh how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Savior King!" Loud let his prais-es ring For ev-er THERE.
Oh we shall happy be When from sin and sorrow free! Lord, we shall live with thee, For ever THERE.
Then shall his kingdom come, Saints shall share a glorious home; And bright above the sun Reign EVERMORE.

1 Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our God and King; Let us raise, let us raise, High our notes of praise;

2 Angels bright, angels bright, Rob'd in garments pure and white, Chant his praise, chant his praise, In melodious lays,

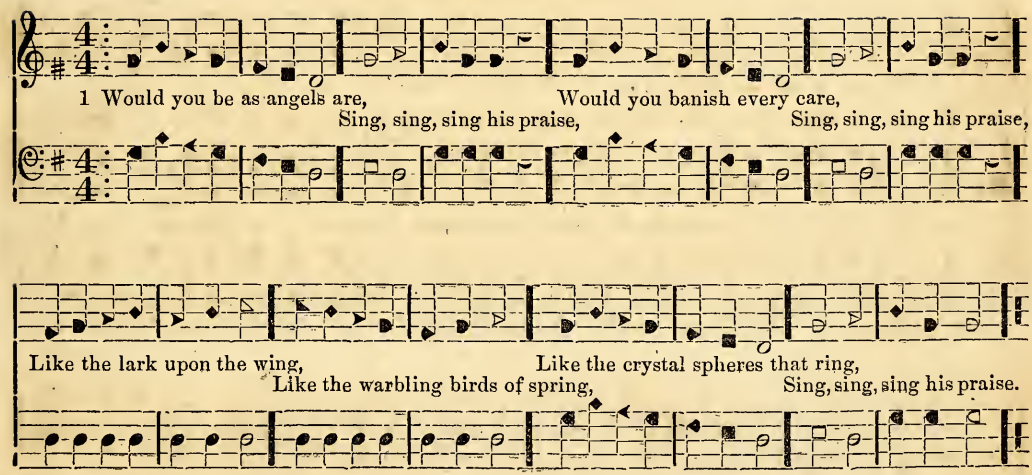
3 Far a - way, Far a-way, We in sin's dark val - ley lay: Je-sus came, Je - sus came, Blessed be his name.
4 Now we know, now we know, We from earth must shortly go; Soon the call, soon the call, Comes to one and all!



Praise to him whose name is Love, Praise to him who reigns above; ‖: Raise your songs,:‖ Now with thankful tongues.

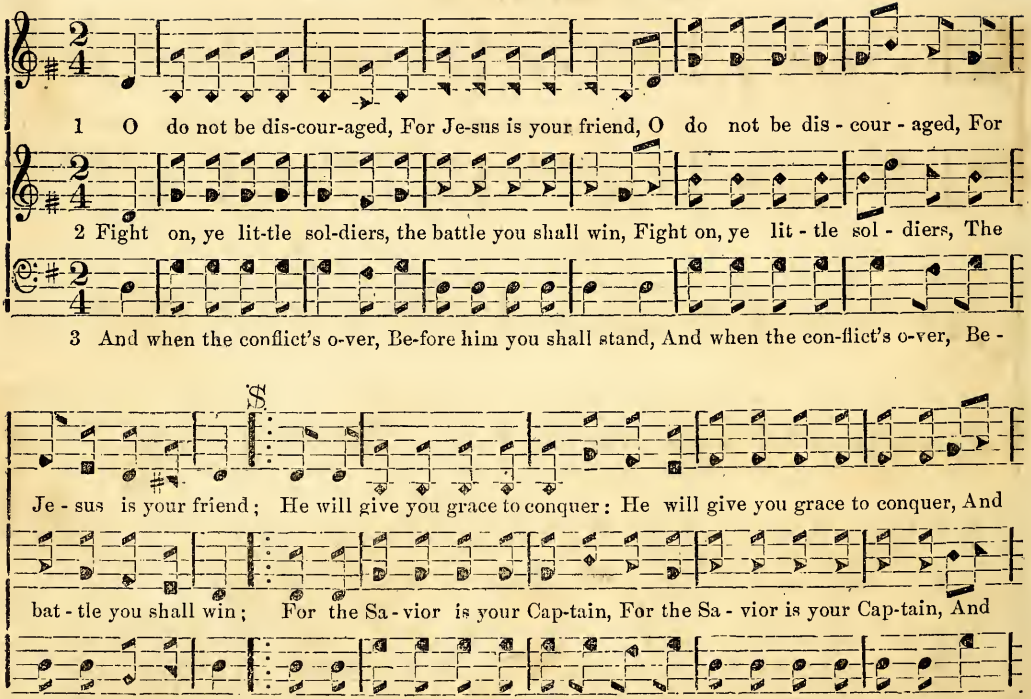
But from that bright happy throng, Ne'er can come this sweetest song, ‖ "Redeeming love,"‖ Brought us here above.

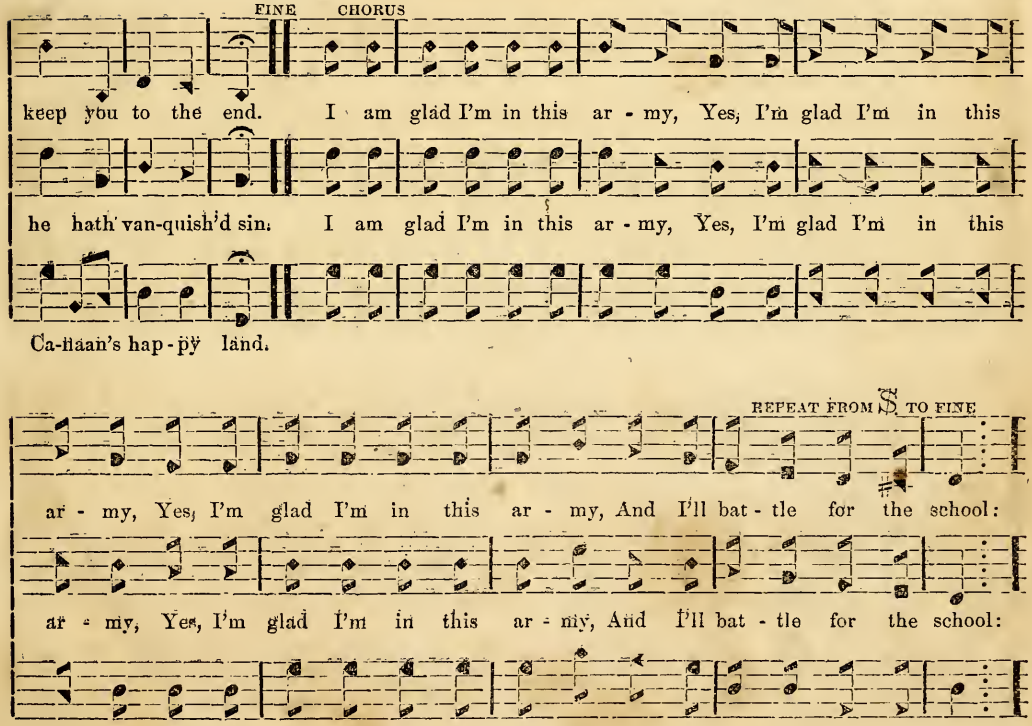
He redeemed us by his grace, Then prepared in heaven a place, To receive, to receive, All who will be - lieve.
Savior, when our time shall come, Take us to our heavenly home; There we'll raise notes of praise, Thro' unending days



2 If the world upon you frown,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
If you're left to sing alone,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

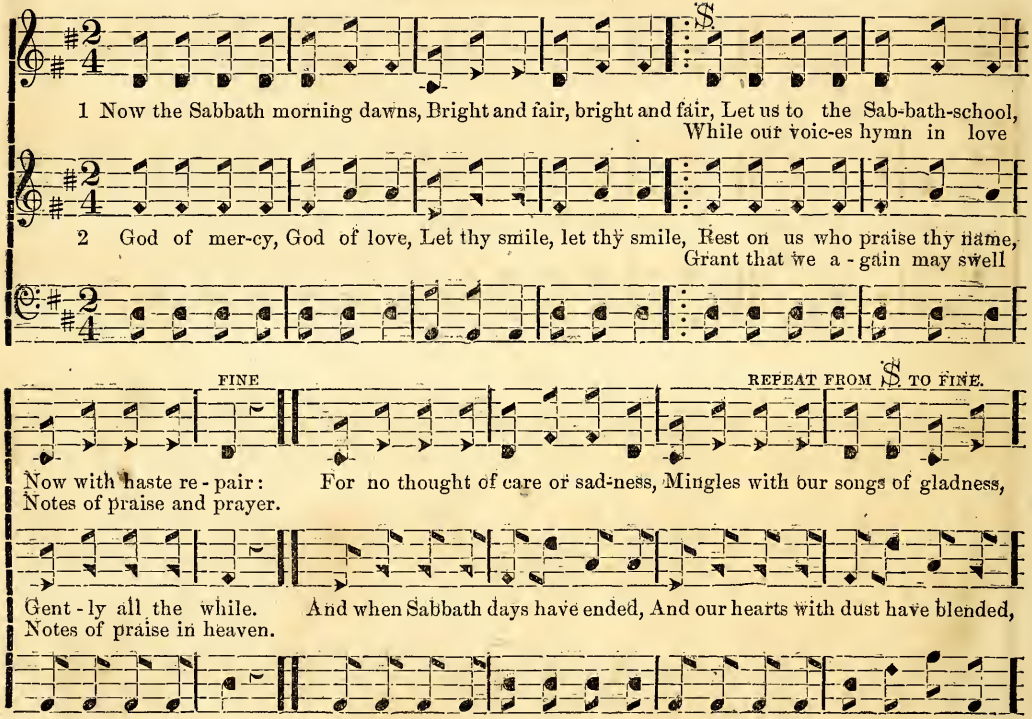
3 For his wondrous, dying love,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
That he intercedes above,
Sing, sing, sing his praise,
Thus whene'er you come to die,
You shall soar beyond the sky,
And with angel choirs on high,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

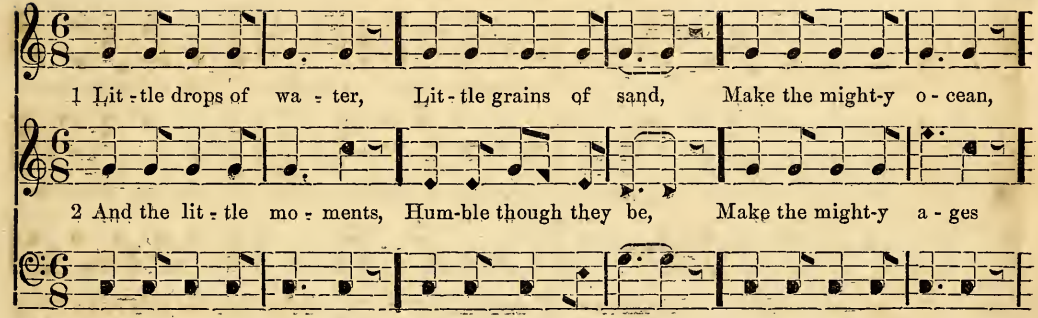

1 O do not be dis-cour-aged, For Je-sus is your friend, O do not be dis - cour - aged, For
2 Fight on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, the battle you shall win, Fight on, ye lit - tle sol - diers, The
3 And when the conflict's o-ver, Be-fore him you shall stand, And when the con-flict's o-ver, Be -
Je - sus is your friend; He will give you grace to conquer: He will give you grace to conquer, And
bat - tle you shall win; For the Sa - vior is your Cap-tain, For the Sa - vior is your Cap-tain, And
fore him you shall stand; You shall sing his praise for-ev-er, You shall sing his praise for-ev-er, In


FINE
CHORUS
keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this ar - my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this
he hath van-quish'd sin. I am glad I'm in this ar - my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this
Ca-naan's hap-py land.
REPEAT FROM 𝄋 TO FINE
ar - my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this ar - my, And I'll bat - tle for the school:
ar - my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this ar - my, And I'll bat - tle for the school:

SABBATH DAWN.

Words by ALDINE.



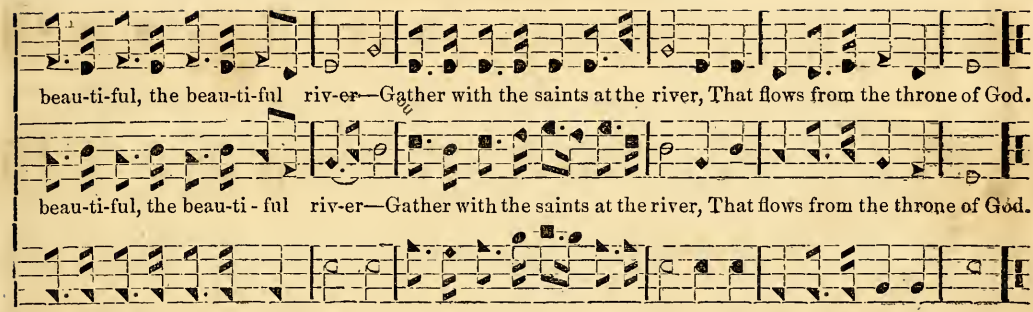


3 So our little errors,
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray, In sin to stray.

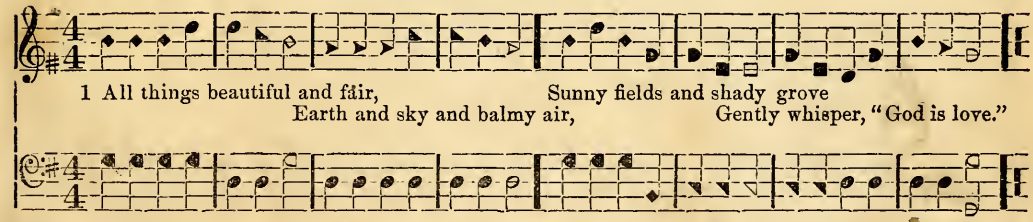
4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heav'n above, The, &c.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands, In, &c.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL. 7s.

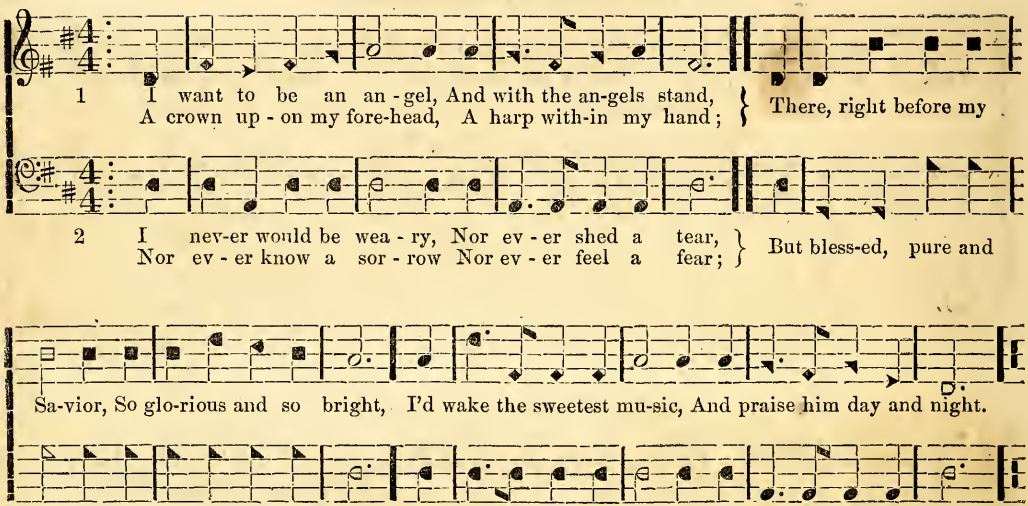


2 Every tree and flower we pass,
Every turf of waving grass,
Every leaf and opening bud,
Seem to tell us "God is good."

3 Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above,
Softly murmur, "God is love."

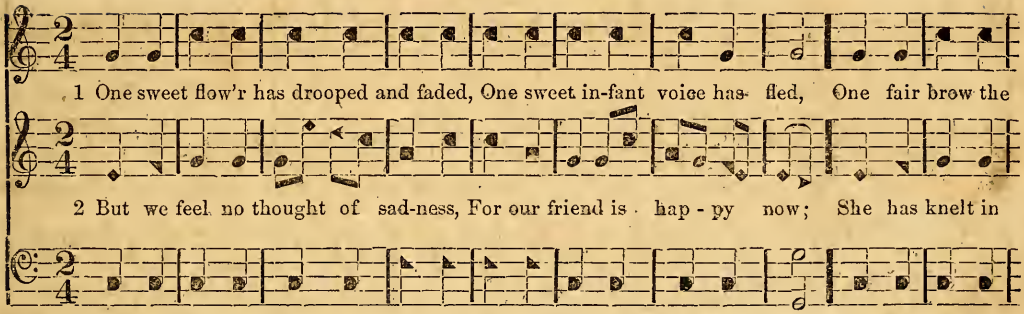
4 He who dwelleth high in heav'n
Unto us all things hath giv'n,—
Let us as through life we move,
Ever fell that "God is love."

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.



3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Savior, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the sky.

4 Oh, there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heav'nly music,
And praise him day and night.

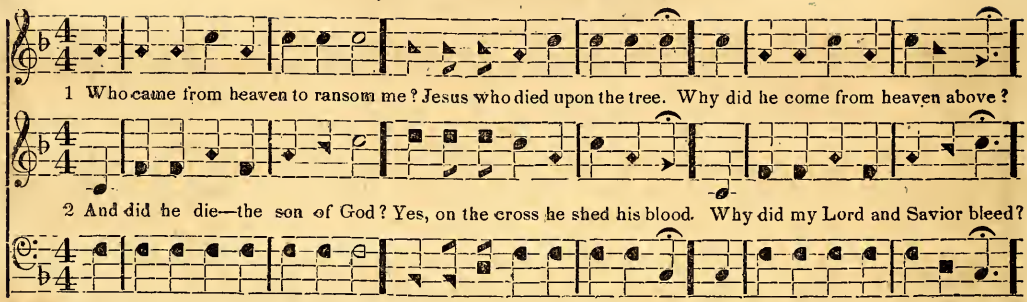


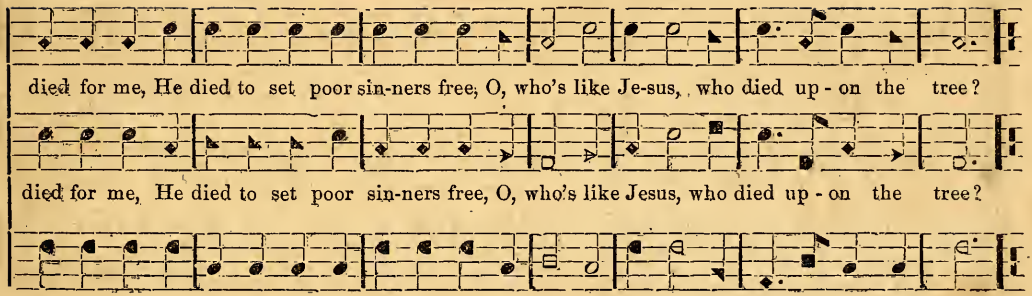
6 Ch. Harp.

4 May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.

5 Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free—
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like, her, we go to Thee.

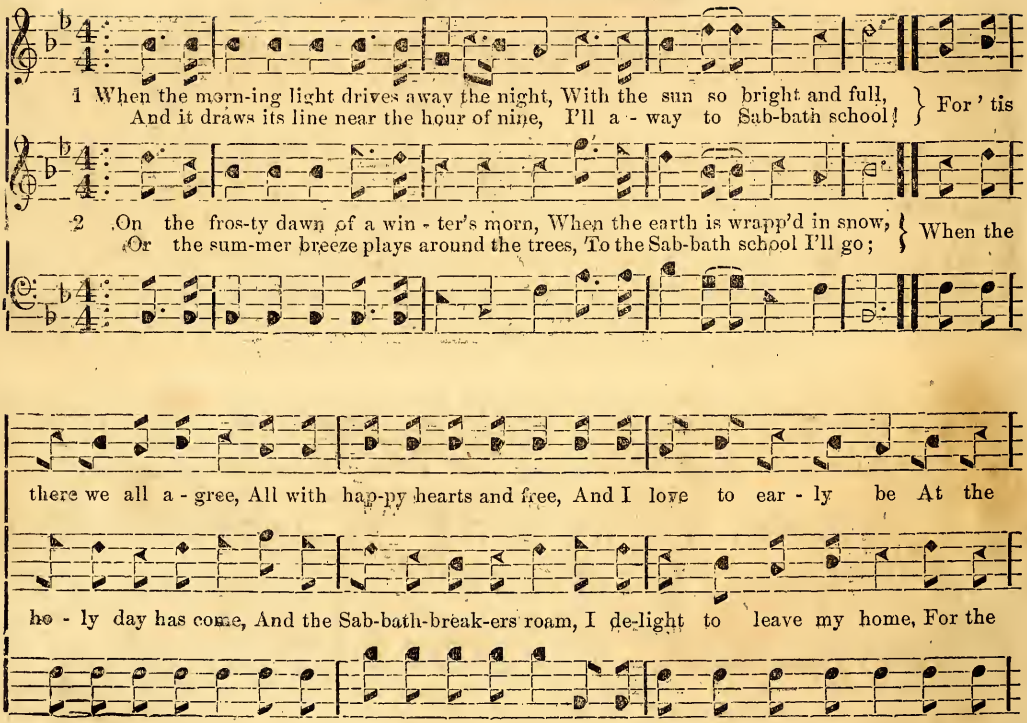
OH, WHO'S LIKE JESUS?





THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

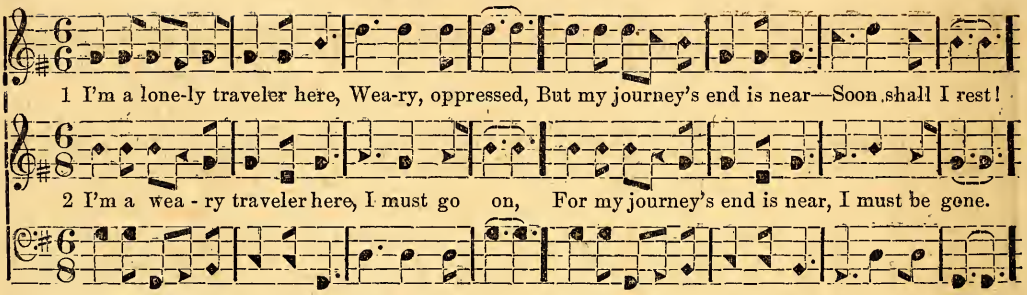
WHEN THE MORNING LIGHT.

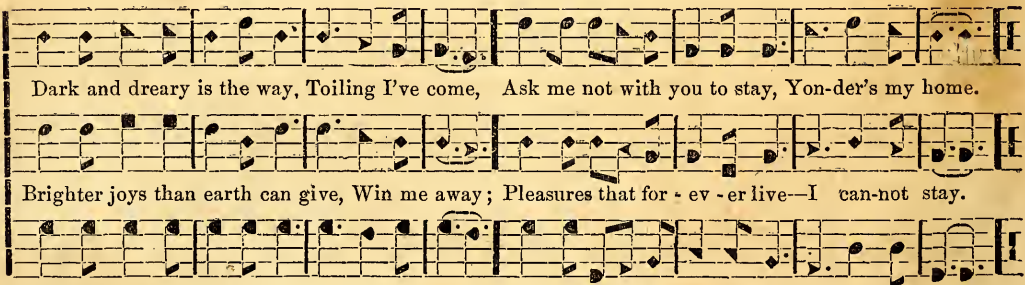


3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer;
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:
In the Book of Holy Truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath School:
I'll away! away! I'll away! away!
I'll away to Sabbath School!

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallow'd place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath School:
I'll away! away! I'll away! away!
I'll away to Sabbath School.

LONELY TRAVELER.



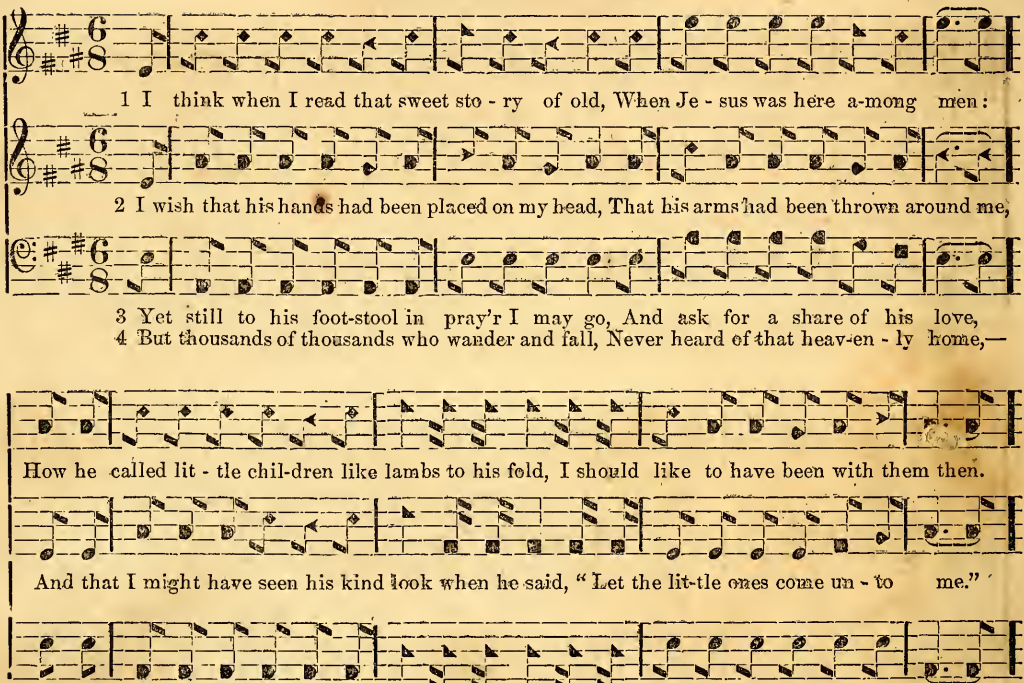


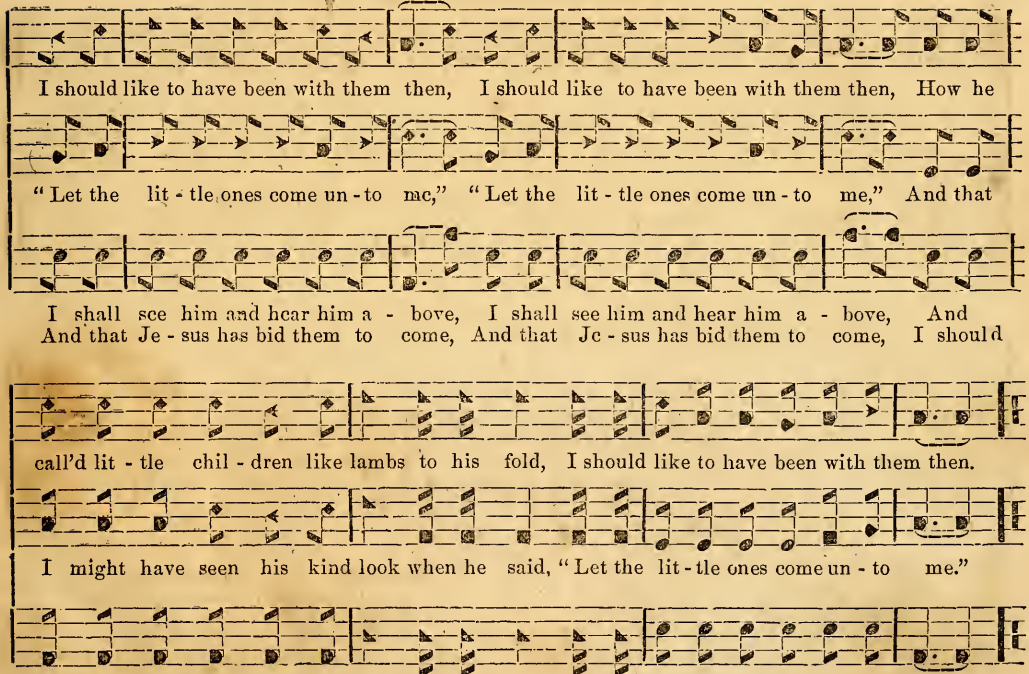
1 Come, come, sing to the Sa-vior, Love, love, beams from his eye ; Haste, then, share in his favor?
2 Praise, praise, yield him with gladness, Earth, earth, banish thy gloom: Where, death, where is thy sadness?
3 Rise, rise, free from thy mourning, Light, light spreads from the sky, See, see, bright the day dawning,
4 Hail, hail, children, adore him, Here, here anthems should ring, There, there, dwelling before him,

Wor-ship the Sa-vior on high, Praise, praise, praise, praise, Worship the Sa-vior on high.
Je - sus re-turns from the tomb, See, see, see, see, Je - sus returns from the tomb.
Je - sus is ris - en on high; See, see, see, see, Je - sus is ris - en on high.
Loud-est ho-san - nas we'll sing: Hail, hail, hail, hail, Loud-est ho - san-nas we'll sing.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

Arr. by ALDINE.

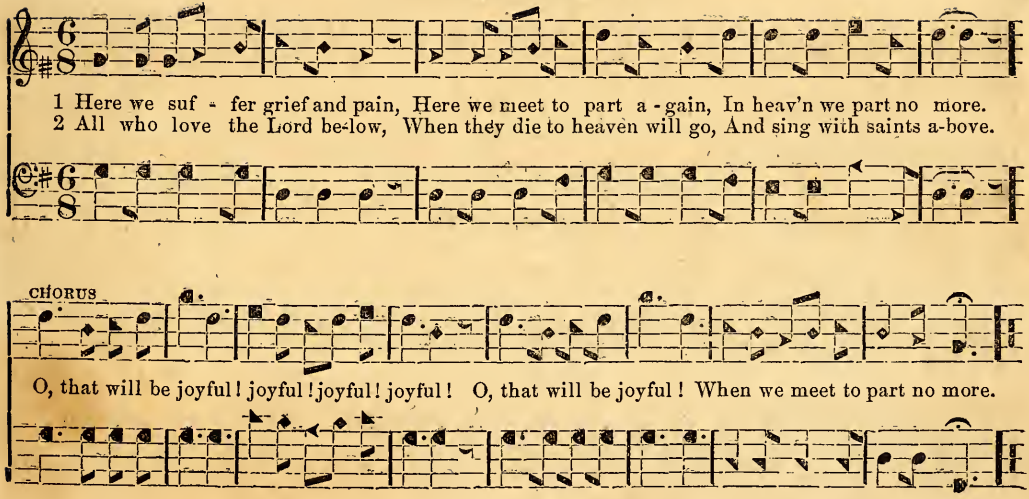



I should like to have been with them then, I should like to have been with them then, How he
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me," "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me," And that
I shall see him and hear him a - bove, I shall see him and hear him a - bove, And
And that Je - sus has bid them to come, And that Je - sus has bid them to come, I should
call'd lit - tle chil - dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
if I now earn - est - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.
like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.

WHO SHALL SING IF NOT THE CHILDREN?

2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
White-robed round the Savior's throne,
Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own;
Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
When her ear is upward turned:
Is not this the same perfected,
Which upon the earth they learned.

3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
Loved them with a wondrous love,
And will he to heaven returning,
Faithless to his blessing prove?
Oh! they cannot sing too early;
Fathers, stand not in their way!
Birds do sing while day is breaking—
Tell me, then, why should not they?



3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord in prayer,
From every Sunday school:
O, that will be joyful! &c.

4 Teachers, too, will meet above,
And our pastors whom we love
Shall meet to part no more.
O, that will be joyful! &c.

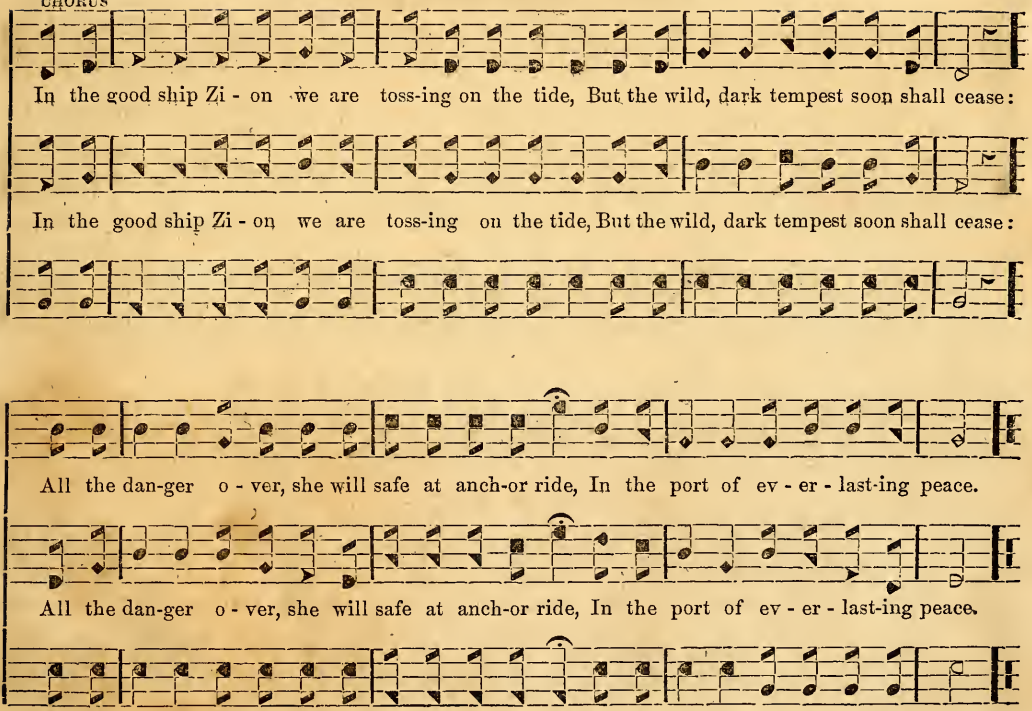
5 O! how happy shall we be!
For our Savior we shall see,
Exalted on his throne,
O, that will be joyful! &c.

6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ,
In praising Christ the Lord,
O, that will be joyful! &c.

THE GOOD SHIP ZION.

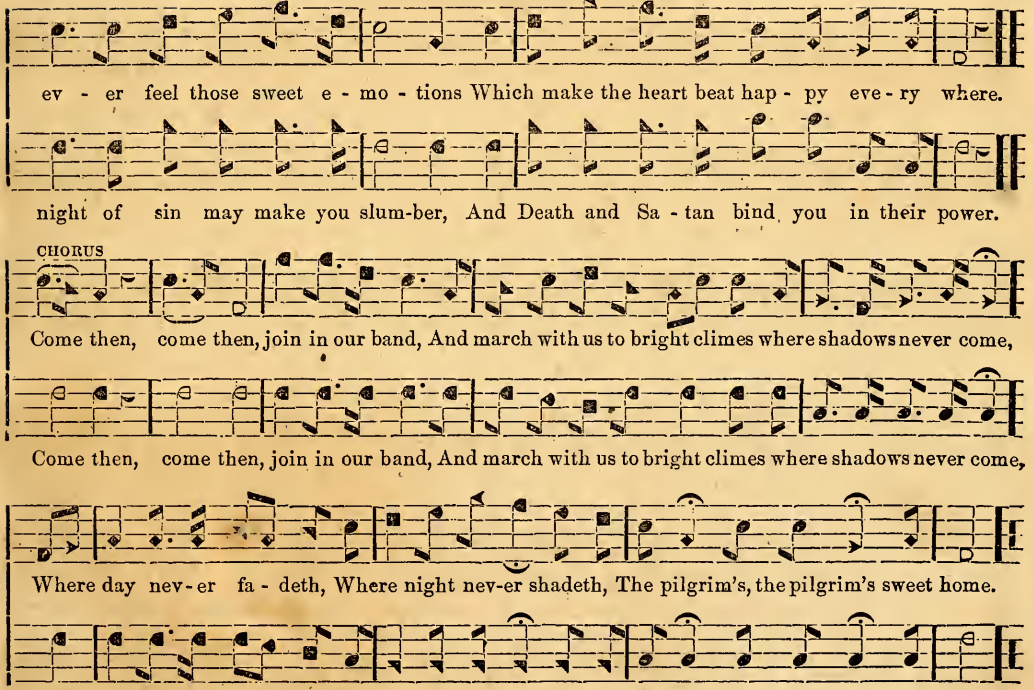
Arr. by ALDINE.

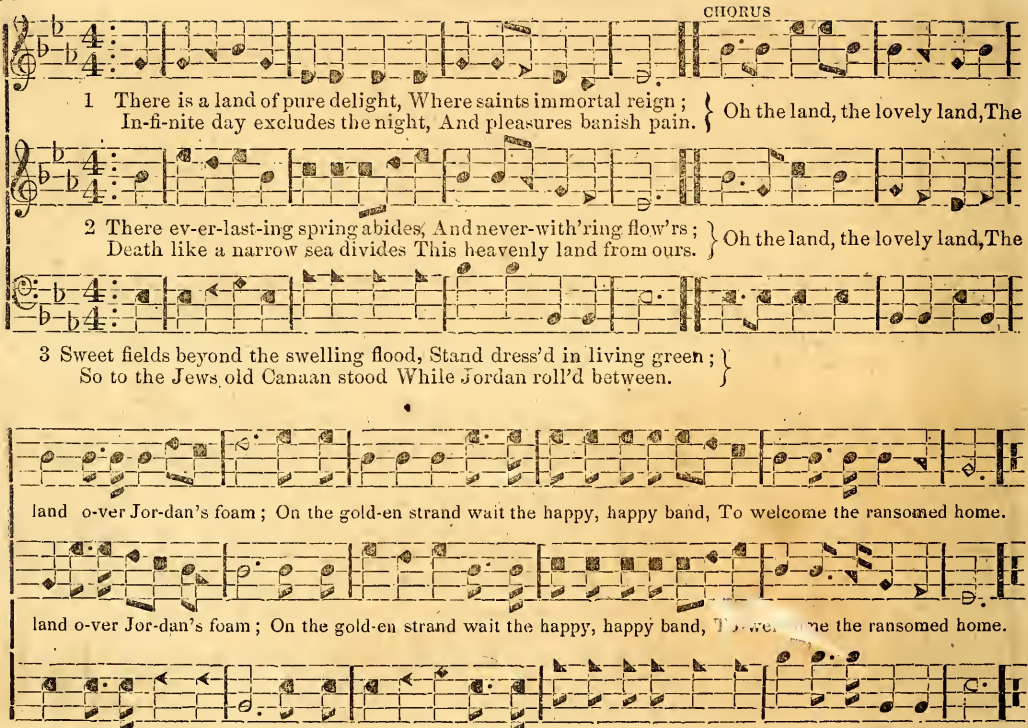
CHORUS

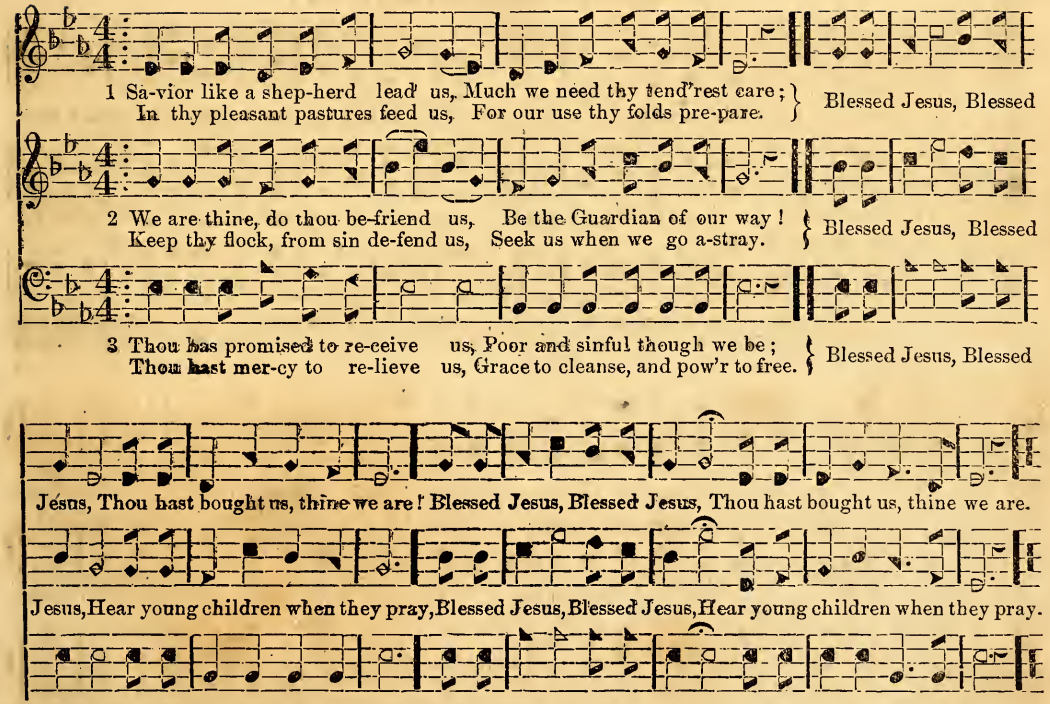

In the good ship Zi - on we are toss-ing on the tide, But the wild, dark tempest soon shall cease:
In the good ship Zi - on we are toss-ing on the tide, But the wild, dark tempest soon shall cease:
All the dan-ger o - ver, she will safe at anch-or ride, In the port of ev - er - last-ing peace.
All the dan-ger o - ver, she will safe at anch-or ride, In the port of ev - er - last-ing peace.

We're Marching to Canaan's Happy Land.

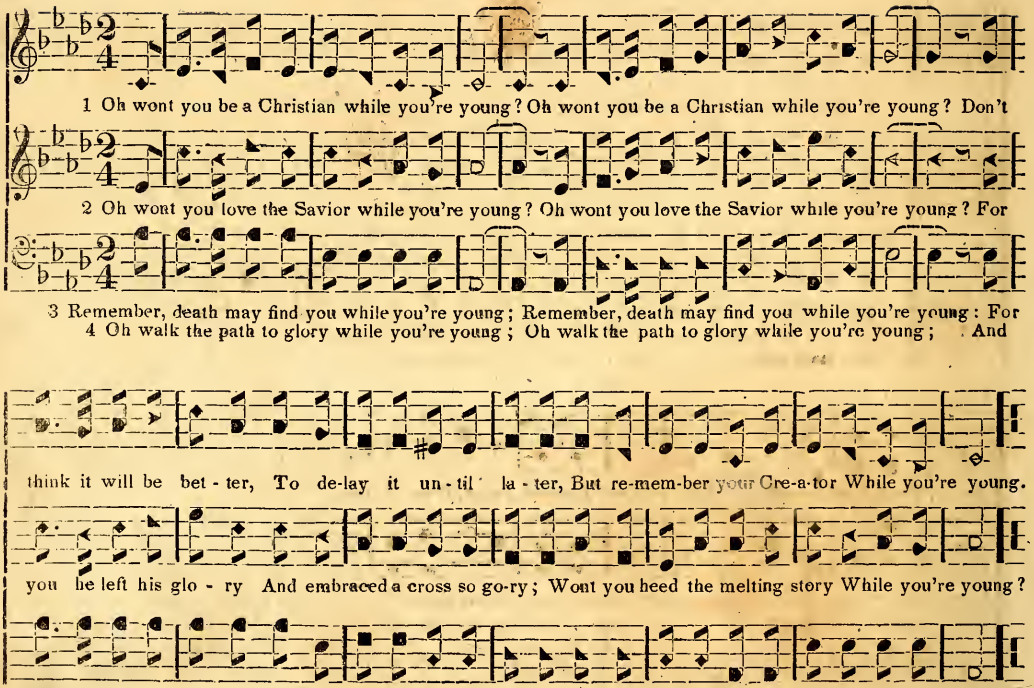
Words by ALDINE.

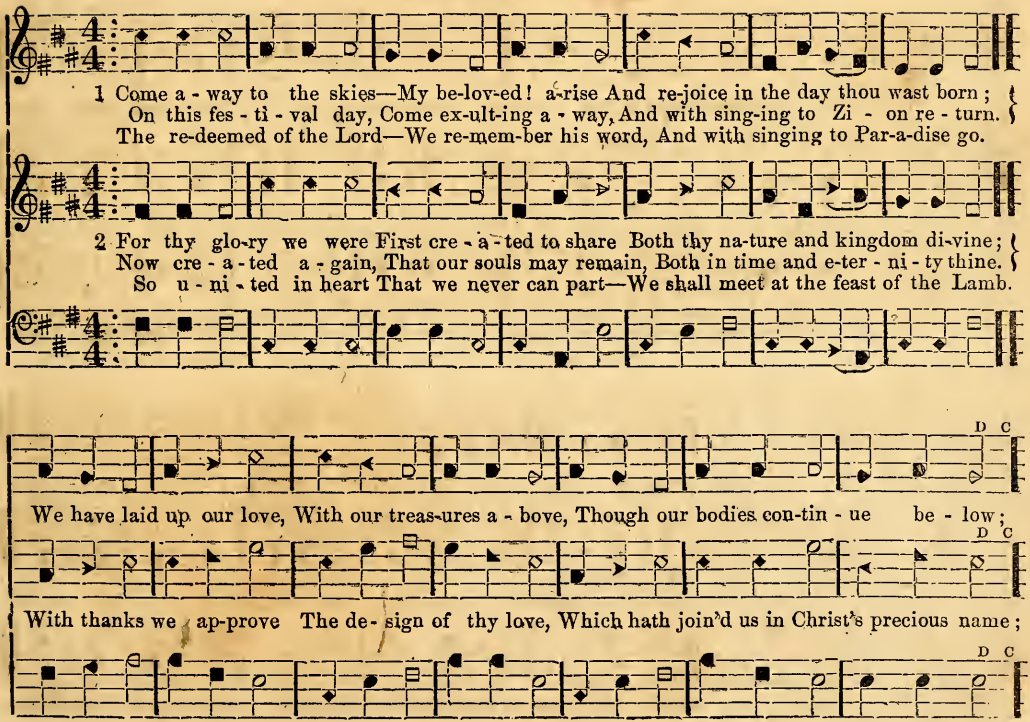

ev - er feel those sweet e - mo - tions Which make the heart beat hap - py eve - ry where.
night of sin may make you slum-ber, And Death and Sa - tan bind you in their power.
CHORUS
Come then, come then, join in our band, And march with us to bright climes where shadows never come,
Come then, come then, join in our band, And march with us to bright climes where shadows never come,
Where day nev - er fa - deth, Where night nev-er shadeth, The pilgrim's, the pilgrim's sweet home.
Where day nev - er fa - deth, Where night never shadeth, The pilgrim's, the pil-grim's sweet home.


CHORUS
1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ; In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
Oh the land, the lovely land, The
2 There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And never-with'ring flow'rs ; Death like a narrow sea divides This heavenly land from ours.
Oh the land, the lovely land, The
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in living green ; So to the Jews old Canaan stood While Jordan roll'd between.
land o-ver Jor-dan's foam ; On the gold-en strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.
land o-ver Jor-dan's foam ; On the gold-en strand wait the happy, happy band,
me the ransomed home.


1 Sa-vior like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed
2 We are thine, do thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way!
Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed
3 Thou has promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed
Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are! Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Jesus, Hear young children when they pray, Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Hear young children when they pray.
Je-sus, Let us ear - ly turn to thee, Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear - ly turn to thee.

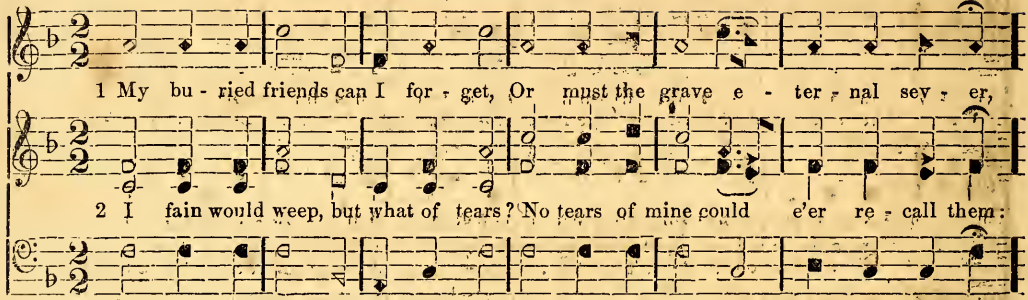
O, WONT YOU BE A CHRISTIAN?

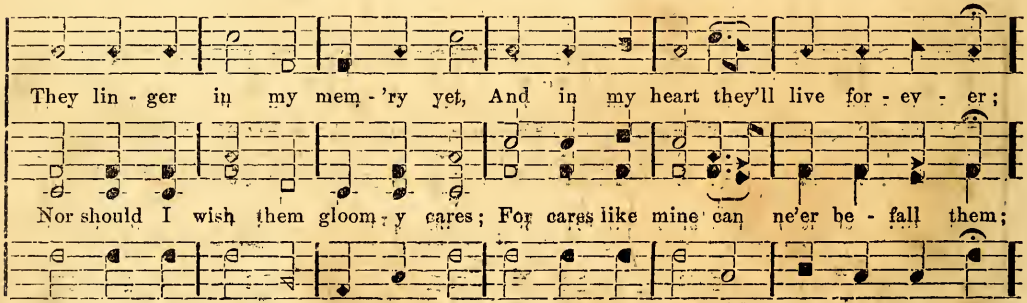



1 Come a - way to the skies—My be-lov-ed! a-rise And re-joice in the day thou wast born;
On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex-ult-ing a - way, And with sing-ing to Zi - on re - turn.
The re-deemed of the Lord—We re-mem-ber his word, And with singing to Par-a-dise go.
2 For thy glo-ry we were First cre - a - ted to share Both thy na-ture and kingdom di-vine;
Now cre - a - ted a - gain, That our souls may remain, Both in time and e-ter - ni - ty thine.
So u - ni - ted in heart That we never can part—We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.
D C
We have laid up our love, With our treas-ures a - bove, Though our bodies con-tin - ue be - low;
D C
With thanks we ap-prove The de - sign of thy love, Which hath join'd us in Christ's precious name;
D C

MY BURIED FRIENDS.

Arr. from HAUSER. M. D.

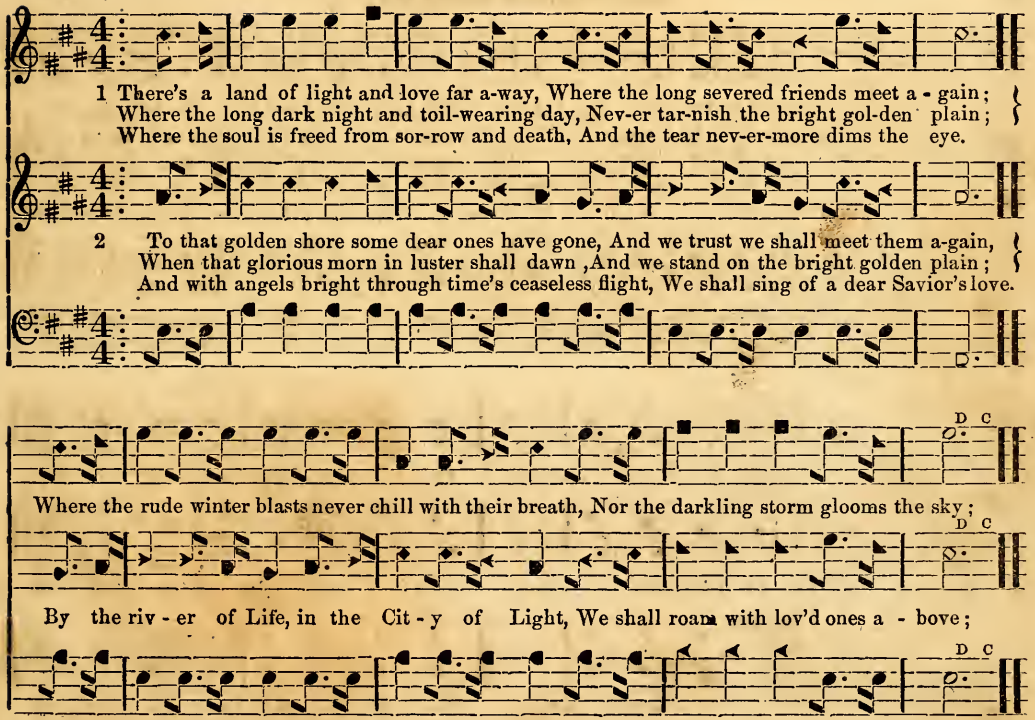




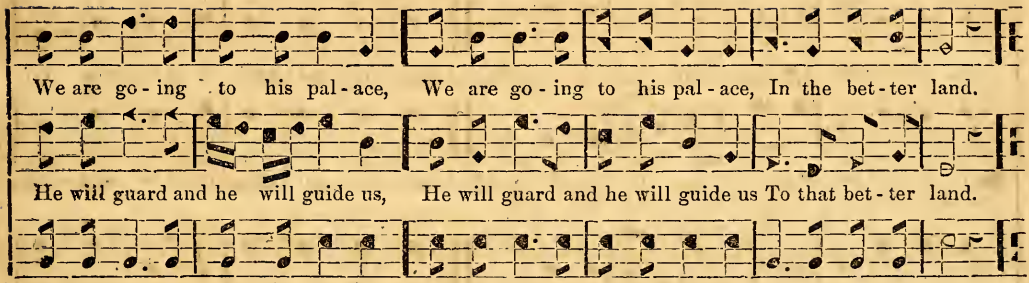
They loved me once, with love sin - cere, And nev - er did their love de - ceive me;
They rest in realms of light and love They dwell up - on the mount of glo - ry:
I heard the part - ing pil - grim tell— (While cross-ing Jor-dan's storm - y riv - er:)
I'd speed with rap - ture on my way, Nor would I pause at Jor - dan's riv - er:
But oft - times, in my con - flicts here, They've ral-lied quick - ly to re - lieve me.
They bask in beams of end - less day, And shout to tell the hap - py sto - ry.
"A - dieu to earth! for all is well, Now all is well with me for ev - er."
With songs I'd en - ter end - less day, And live with my loved friends for ev - er!

2 To his bosom close he pressed me,
Pardoned all my sin,
Led me by the stillest waters,
Into pastures green.
Now all day I'm glad and joyful,
Happy in his love;
All the night my rest is peaceful,
Guarded from above.

3 Evermore I'll trust in Jesus,
He shall be my Guide ;
No allurements shall entice me
From my Shepherd's side.
By and by from earth's temptations,
He will give me rest,
And in heaven's greener pastures,
Make me ever blest.

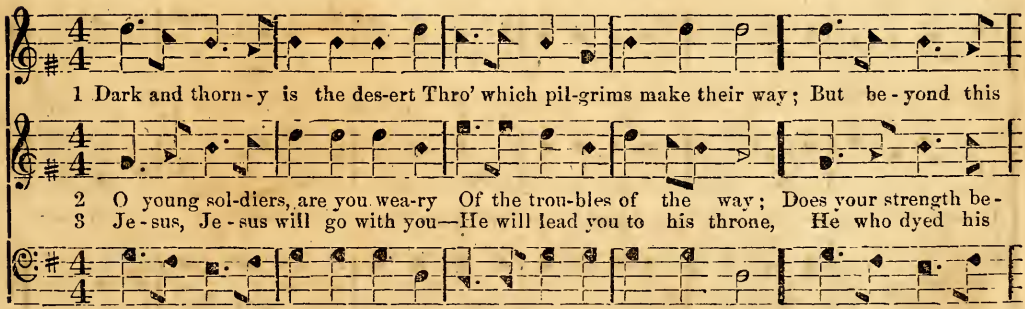

1 There's a land of light and love far a-way, Where the long severed friends meet a - gain;
Where the long dark night and toil-wearing day, Nev-er tar-nish the bright gol-den plain;
Where the soul is freed from sor-row and death, And the tear nev-er-more dims the eye.
2 To that golden shore some dear ones have gone, And we trust we shall meet them a-gain,
When that glorious morn in luster shall dawn, And we stand on the bright golden plain;
And with angels bright through time's ceaseless flight, We shall sing of a dear Savior's love.
D C
Where the rude winter blasts never chill with their breath, Nor the darkling storm glooms the sky;
D C
By the riv - er of Life, in the Cit - y of Light, We shall roam with lov'd ones a - bove;
D C

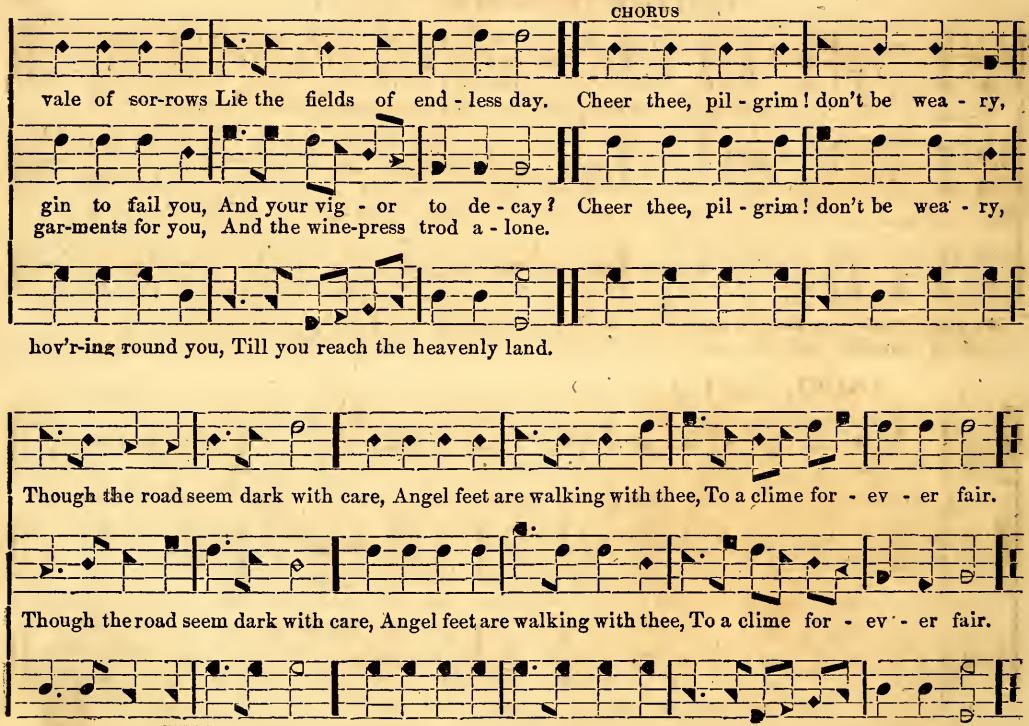
WHITHER PILGRIMS?

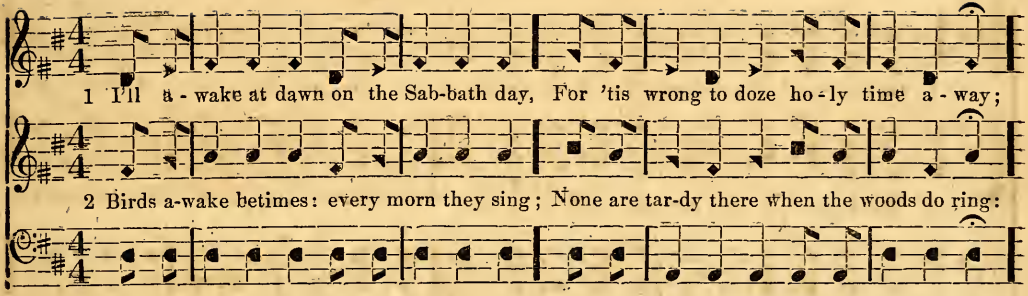


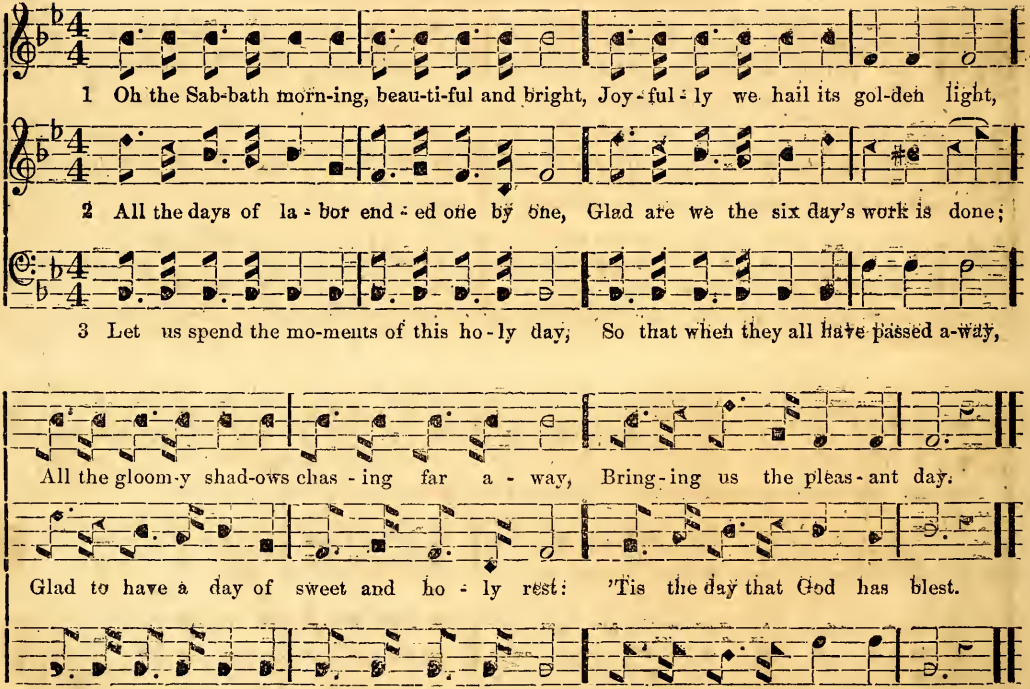
ANGEL FEET ARE WALKING WITH THEE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

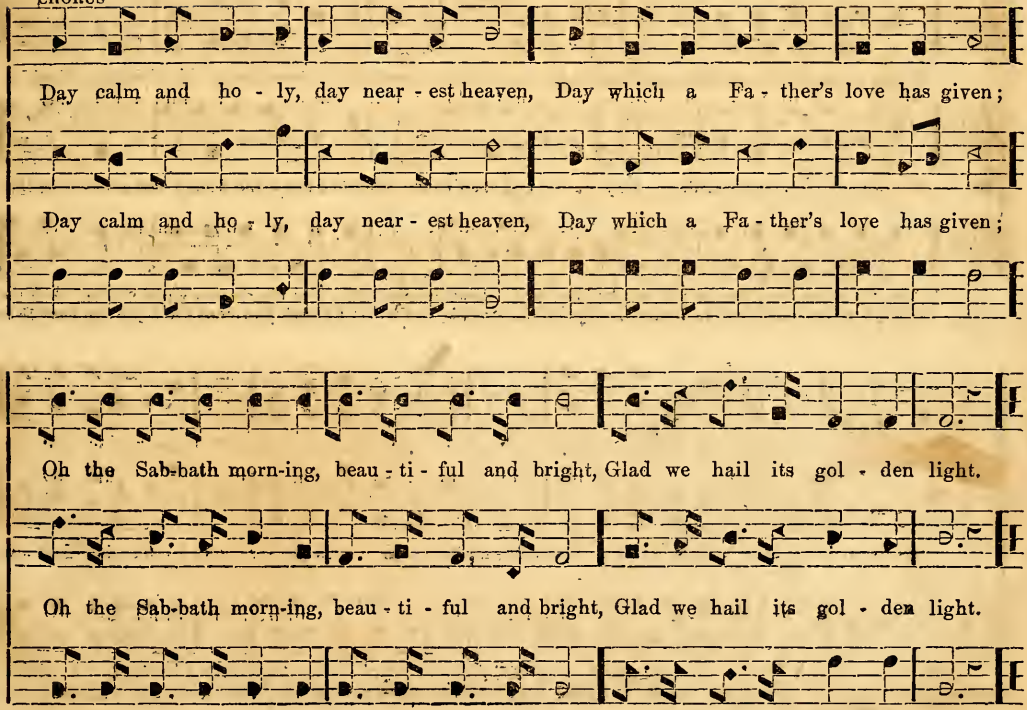



CHORUS
vale of sor-rows Lie the fields of end - less day. Cheer thee, pil - grim! don't be wea - ry,
gin to fail you, And your vig - or to de - cay? Cheer thee, pil - grim! don't be wea - ry,
gar-ments for you, And the wine-press trod a - lone.
hov'r-ing round you, Till you reach the heavenly land.
Though the road seem dark with care, Angel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for - ev - er fair.
Though the road seem dark with care, Angel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for - ev - er fair.


1 I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sab-bath day, For 'tis wrong to doze ho - ly time a - way;
2 Birds a-wake betimes: every morn they sing; None are tar-dy there when the woods do ring:
3 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again, They the call o - bey—none are tar-dy then;
4 But these Sab-bath days will soon be o'er, And these hap-py hours shall re-turn no more;
With my les - sons learned, this shall be my rule— Nev - er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
So when Sun-day comes, this shall be my rule— Nev - er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
Nor will I for - get that it was my rule— Nev - er to be late at the Sab-bath school.
Then I'll ne'er re - gret that it was my rule— Nev - er to be late at the Sab-bath school.

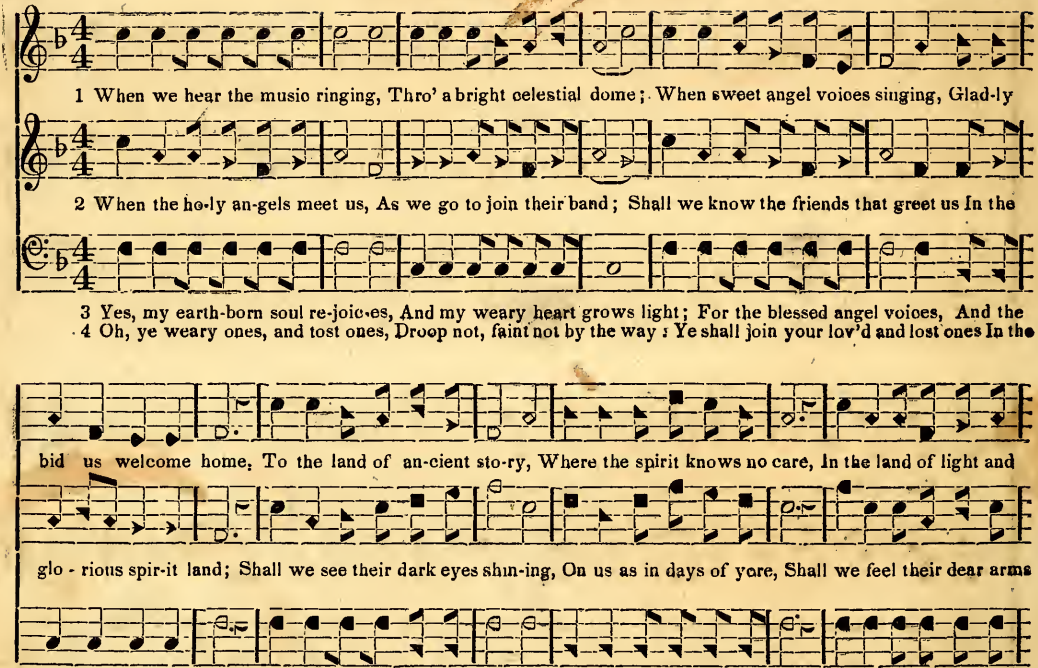

1 Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau-ti-ful and bright, Joy-ful-ly we hail its gol-den light,
2 All the days of la-bor end-ed one by one, Glad are we the six day's work is done;
3 Let us spend the mo-ments of this ho-ly day, So that when they all have passed a-way,
All the gloom-y shad-ows chas-ing far a-way, Bring-ing us the pleas-ant day.
Glad to have a day of sweet and ho-ly rest: 'Tis the day that God has blest.
Sweet 'twill be to think, this qui-et Sab-bath even, Brings us one day near-er heaven.

CHORUS


Day calm and ho - ly, day near - est heaven, Day which a Fa - ther's love has given;
Day calm and ho - ly, day near - est heaven, Day which a Fa - ther's love has given;
Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gol - den light.
Oh the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau - ti - ful and bright, Glad we hail its gol - den light.

RECOGNITION.

Arr. by ALDINE.

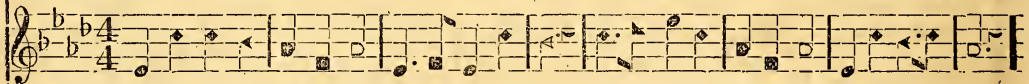


glo-ry, Shall we know each oth-er there? Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each
twin-ing, Fond-ly round us as be - fore? Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each
giv - en, Thus their mor-tal friends to know, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each
lin - gers—We shall know each oth-er there, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each
oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
oth - er, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er there.

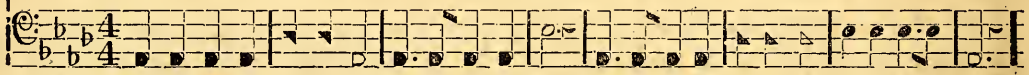
LOVE AT HOME.

J. H. McNaughton.

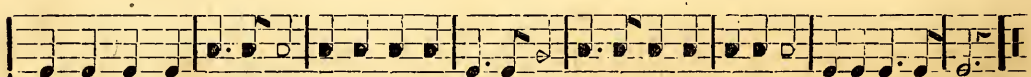
1 There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home.



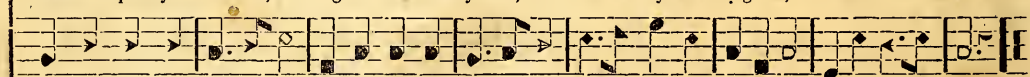
2 In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and envy ne'er annoy, When there's love at home.



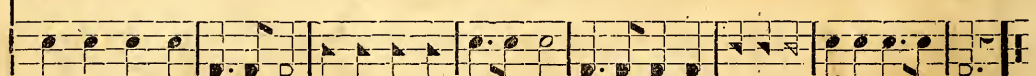
3 Kindly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home: All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home.
4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweetly whisper, I am thine, Then there's love at home.



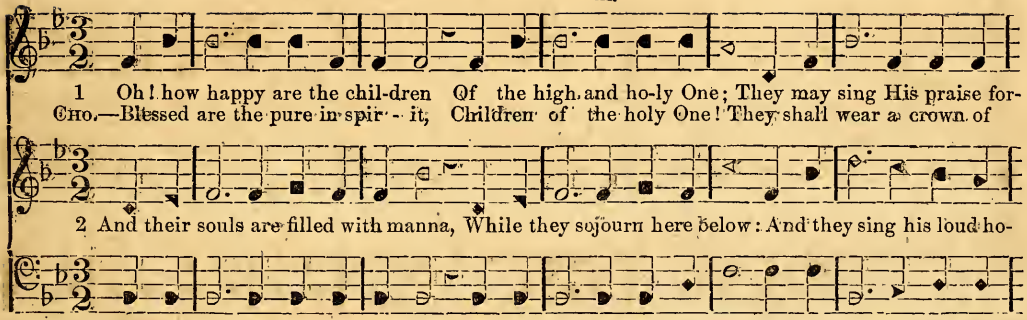
Peace and plenty here abide, Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly sweetly glide, When there's love at home.



Roses blossom 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.

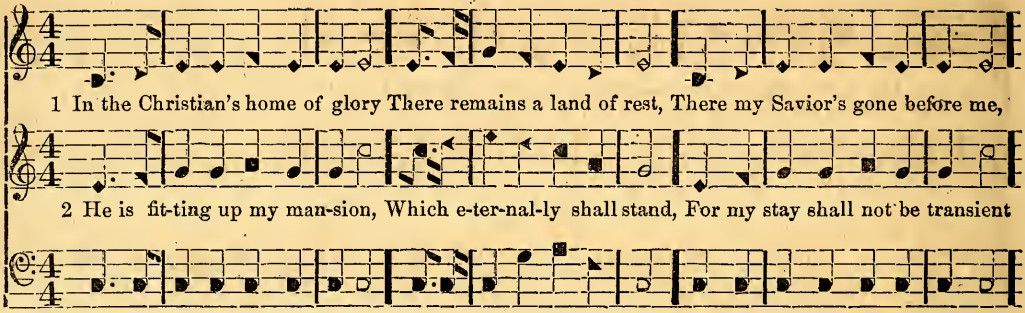


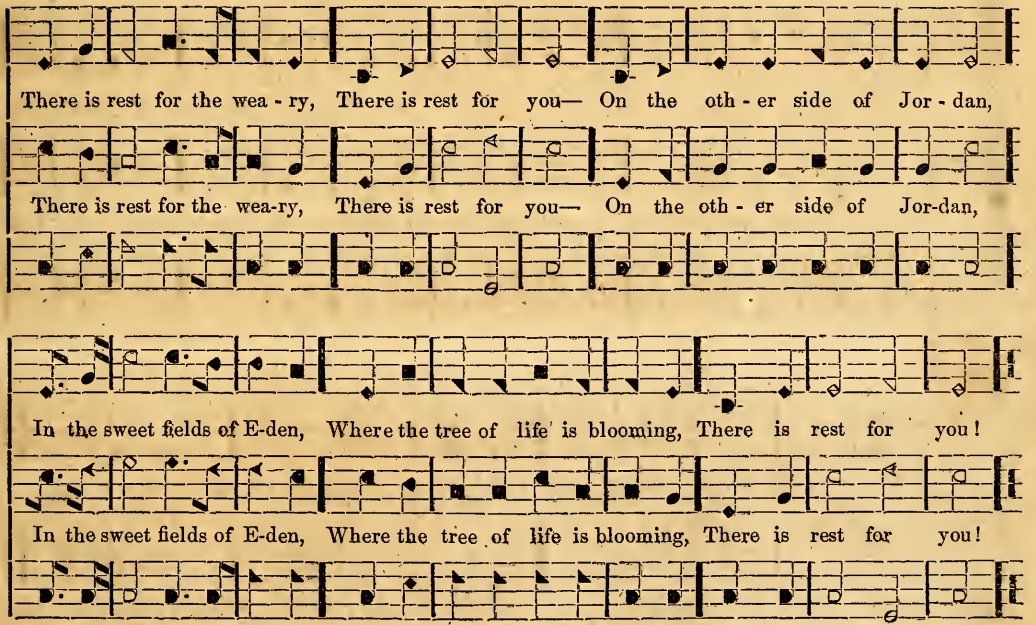
Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the azure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high When there's love, &c.
Source of love, thy cheering light Far exceeds the sun so bright—Can dispel the gloom of night; Then there's love, &c.



4 When they reach that blissful station,
Then their toils of life are o'er;
Hope is changed to glad fruition,
And they shout for evermore,
Cho.—Blessed are the pure, &c.

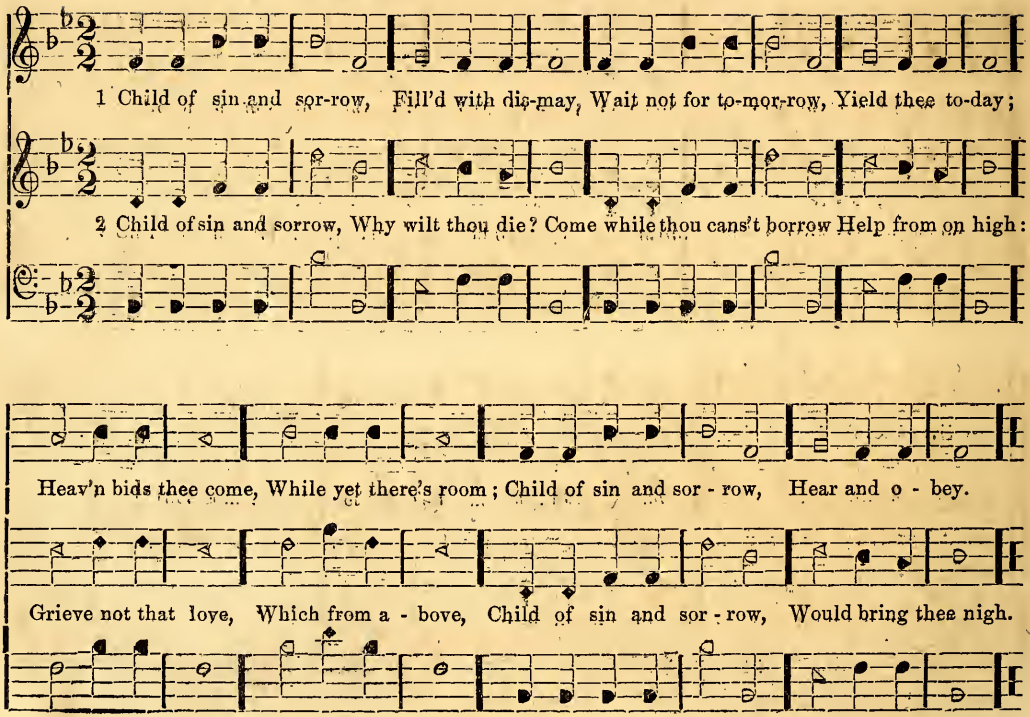
REST FOR THE WEARY.

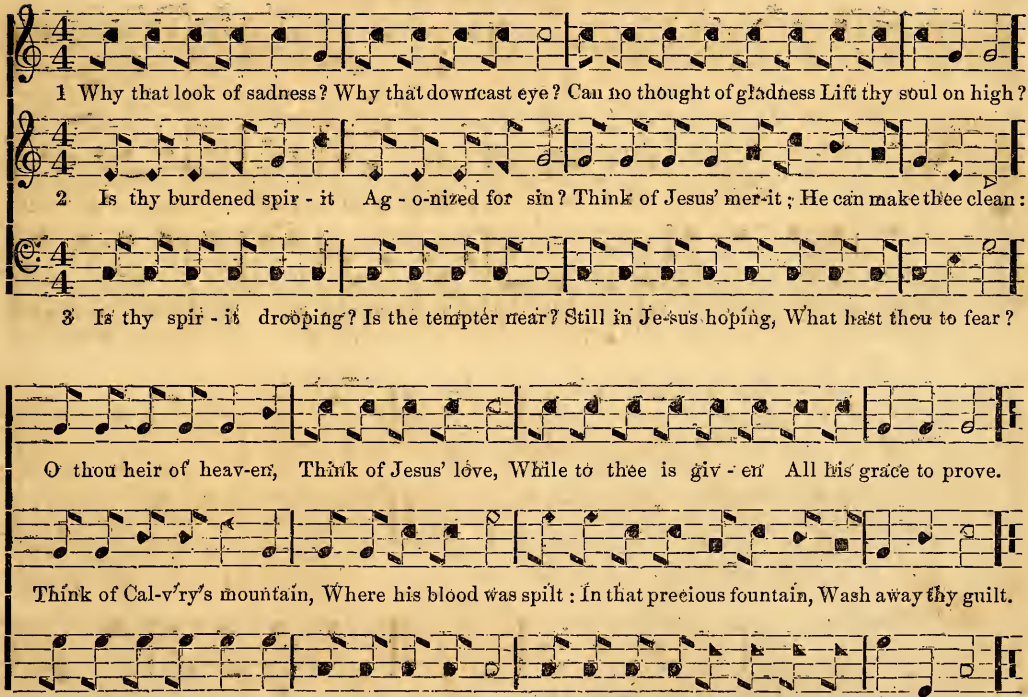




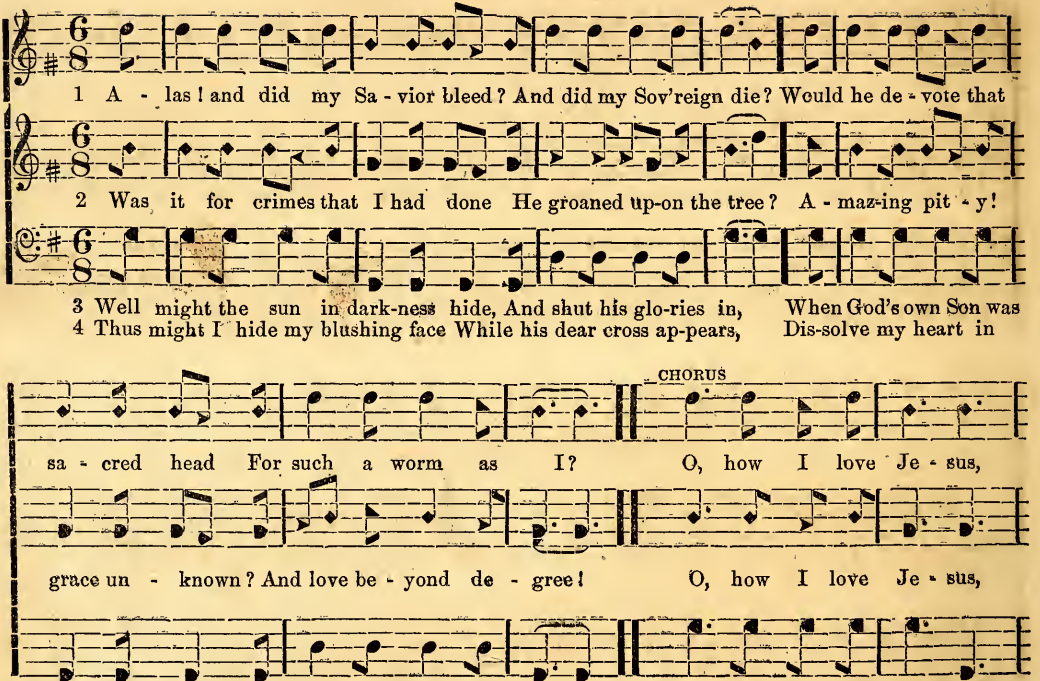
4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumph as you go:
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.


1 Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis-may, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day;
2 Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die? Come while thou cans't borrow Help from on high:
Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
Grieve not that love, Which from a - bove, Child of sin and sor - row, Would bring thee nigh.


1 Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?
2 Is thy burdened spir - it Ag - o-nized for sin? Think of Jesus' mer-it; He can make thee clean:
3 Is thy spir - it drooping? Is the tempter near? Still in Je-sus hoping, What hast thou to fear?
O thou heir of heav-en, Think of Jesus' love, While to thee is giv - en All his grace to prove.
Think of Cal-v'ry's mountain, Where his blood was spilt: In that precious fountain, Wash away thy guilt.
Set the prize be-fore thee, Gird thy ar-mor on; Child of grace and glory, Struggle for the crown.

O, HOW I LOVE JESUS!



AN ADDITIONAL HYMN.

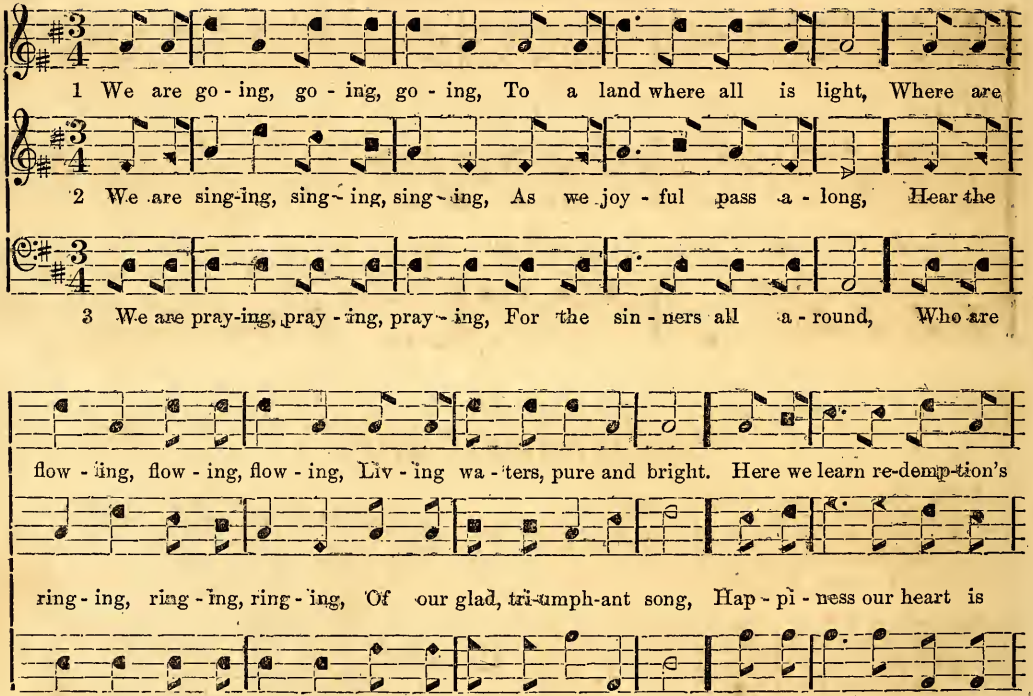
1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear,
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

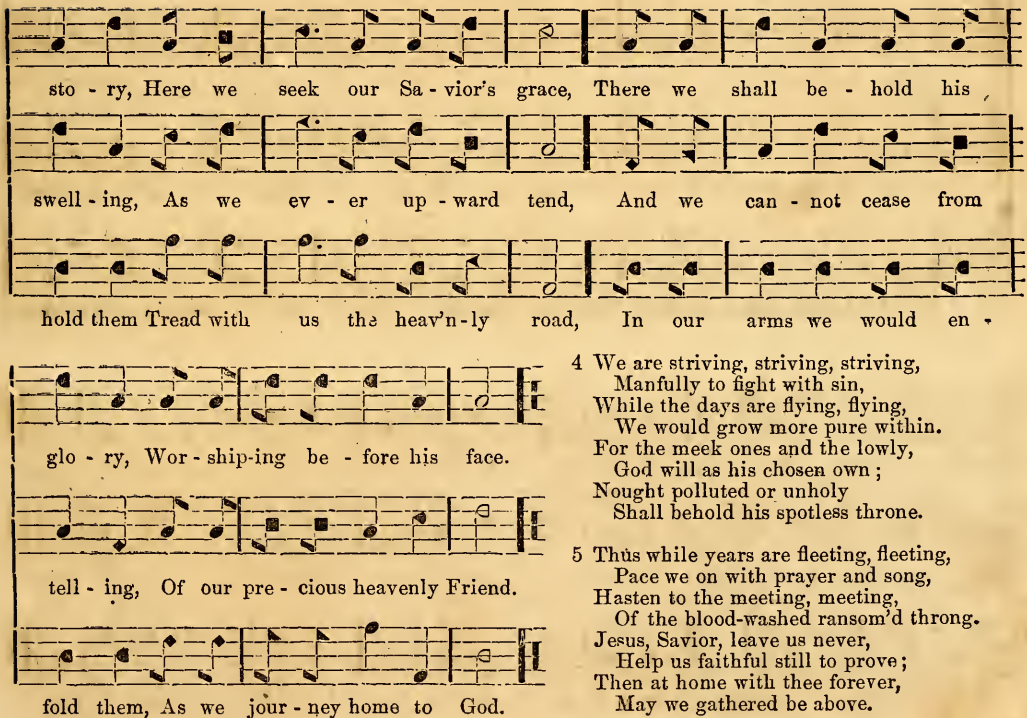
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place:
My never failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

4 I would thy boundless love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.
O, how I love Jesus, &c.

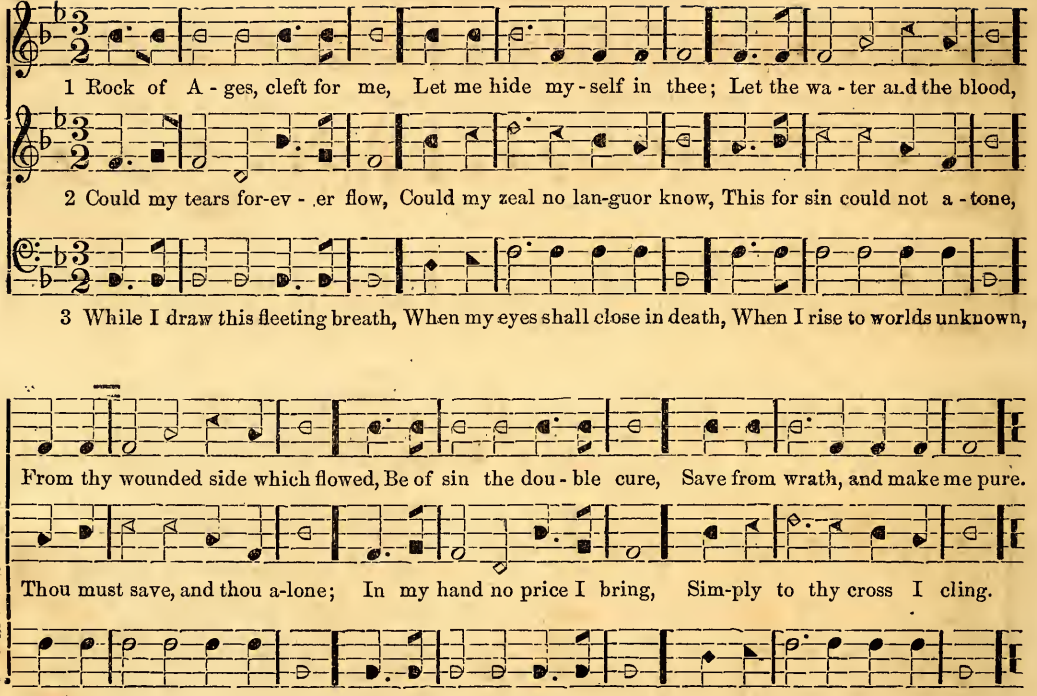
WE ARE GOING.

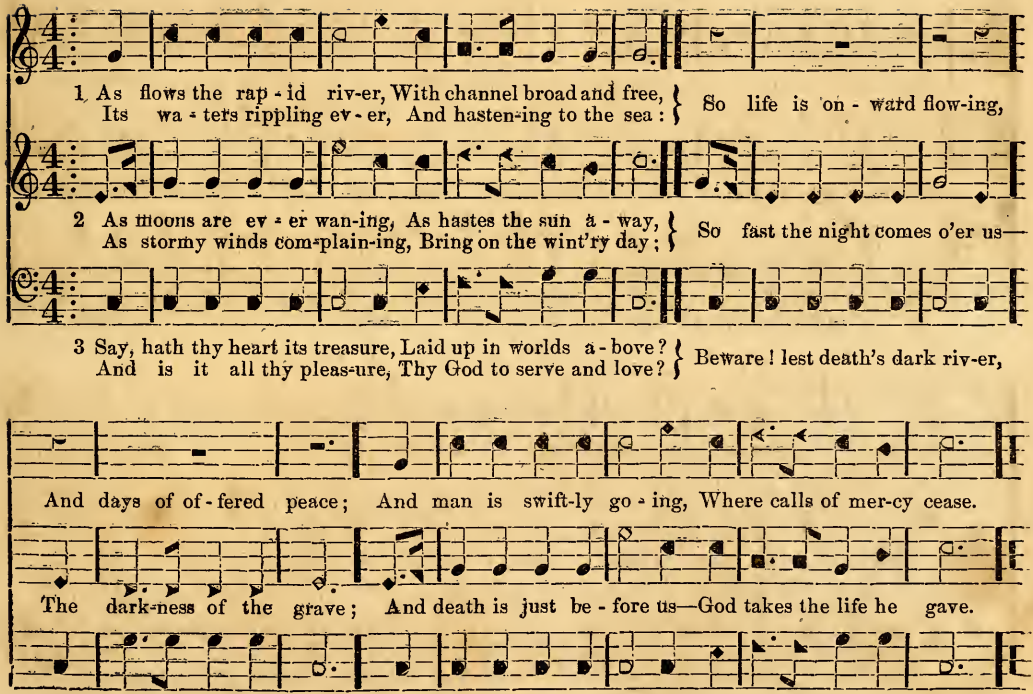

1 We are go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, To a land where all is light, Where are
2 We are sing-ing, sing - ing, sing - ing, As we joy - ful pass a - long, Hear the
3 We are pray-ing, pray - ing, pray - ing, For the sin - ners all a - round, Who are
flow - ing, flow - ing, flow - ing, Liv - ing wa - ters, pure and bright. Here we learn re-demp-tion's
ring - ing, ring - ing, ring - ing, Of our glad, tri-umph-ant song, Hap - pi - ness our heart is
stray - ing, stray - ing, stray-ing, In a mis - er - y pro - found. We are long - ing to be -



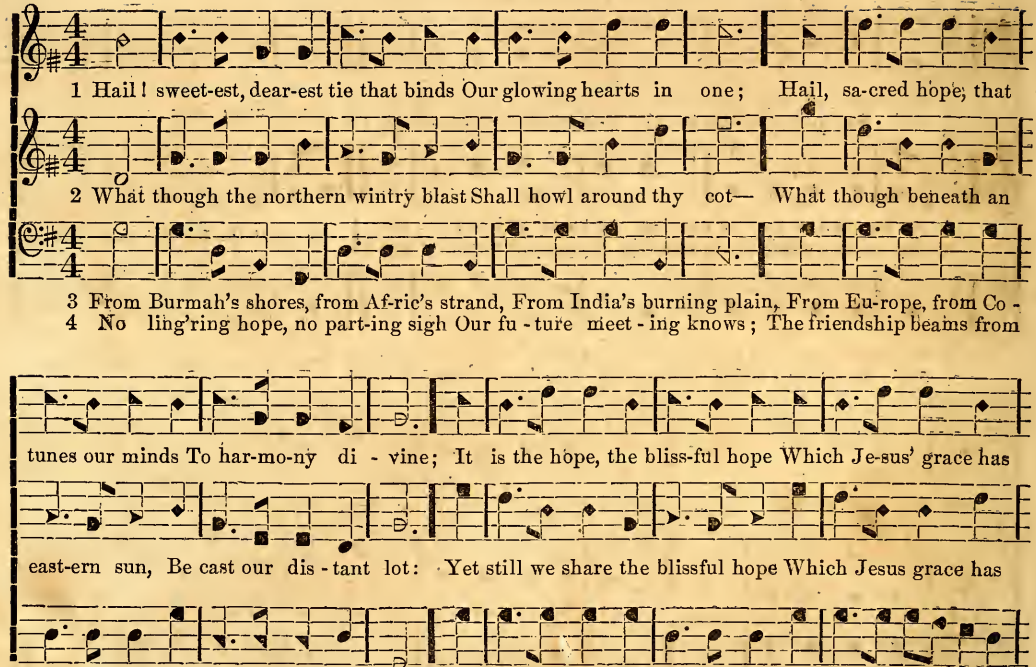
4 We are striving, striving, striving,
Manfully to fight with sin,
While the days are flying, flying,
We would grow more pure within.
For the meek ones and the lowly,
God will as his chosen own;
Nought polluted or unholy
Shall behold his spotless throne.

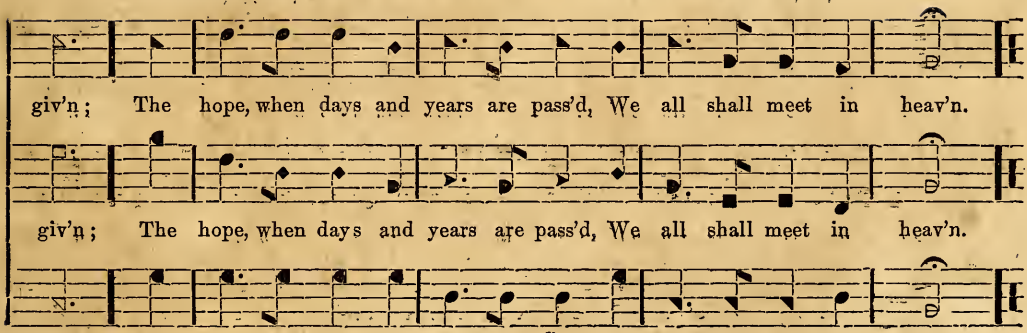
5 Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting,
Pace we on with prayer and song,
Hasten to the meeting, meeting,
Of the blood-washed ransom'd throng.
Jesus, Savior, leave us never,
Help us faithful still to prove;
Then at home with thee forever,
May we gathered be above.


1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
2 Could my tears for-ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know, This for sin could not a - tone,
3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,
From thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
Thou must save, and thou a-lone; In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.
And be-hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.


1 As flows the rap - id riv-er, With channel broad and free,
Its wa - ters rippling ev - er, And hasten-ing to the sea:
So life is on - ward flow-ing,
2 As moons are ev - er wan-ing, As hastes the sun a - way,
As stormy winds com-plain-ing, Bring on the wint'ry day;
So fast the night comes o'er us—
3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure, Laid up in worlds a - bove?
And is it all thy pleas-ure, Thy God to serve and love?
Beware! lest death's dark riv-er,
And days of of - fered peace; And man is swift-ly go - ing, Where calls of mer-cy cease.
The dark-ness of the grave; And death is just be - fore us—God takes the life he gave.
Its bil-lows o'er thee roll, And thou la - ment for-ev - er, The ru - in of thy soul.

WE ALL SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN.





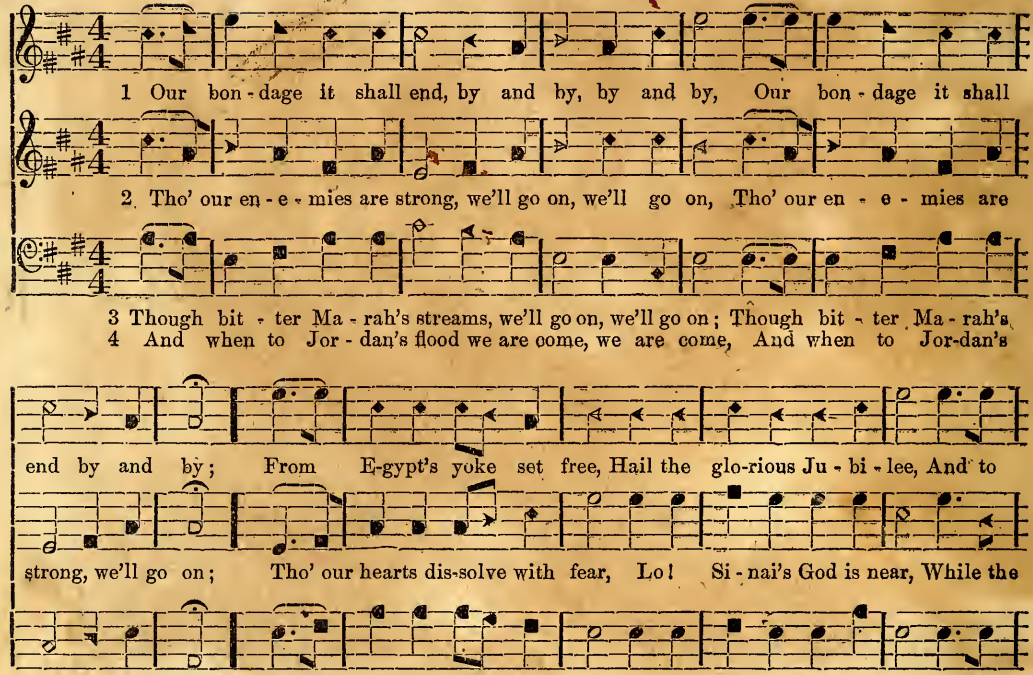
SECOND HYMN.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is almost run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun,
CHO.—O come, and bear me, angel band,
To my immortal home,
Come, bear me on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm near the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.
CHO.—O come, &c.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home.
My spirit loudly sings:
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.
CHO.—O come, &c.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.
CHO.—O come, and bear me, angel band,
To my immortal home,
Come, bear me on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.


1 Our bon - dage it shall end, by and by, by and by, Our bon - dage it shall
2 Tho' our en - e - mies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on, Tho' our en - e - mies are
3 Though bit - ter Ma - rah's streams, we'll go on, we'll go on; Though bit - ter Ma - rah's
4 And when to Jor - dan's flood we are come, we are come, And when to Jor-dan's
end by and by; From E-gypt's yoke set free, Hail the glo-rious Ju - bi - lee, And to
strong, we'll go on; Tho' our hearts dis-solve with fear, Lo! Si - nai's God is near, While the
streams, we'll go on; Though Bo - ca's vale be dry, And the land yield no sup-ply, To a
flood we are come, Je - ho - vah rules the tide, And the wa - ters he'll di-vide, And the

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